





# PG. 92

# GONIENIS

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READER FORUM FOR HOT TOPICS, QUESTIONS, COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

# Jackin' for Jasmine

Dear Virgin Territory,

Jasmine from the Feb. '11 magazine stole my heart, and loads of my cum, too! I noticed that she has a bracelet of shamrocks. Is that because she's Irish? If so, that's amazing, because so am I! She has such a sweet face. To be honest, I hope I don't ever see her doing hardcore. I like her just the way she is in my fantasies, and I don't want another cock between her and I when I look at her pictures! Jasmine is the best! More Jasmine!–S.S., via email

Dear S.S.,

We're not sure if Jasmine is Irish or not, but you can rest assured you won't see her doing hardcore in the pages of 18eighteen!

# Schoolgirl Fantasy

Dear Virgin Territory,

I just thought I'd take another opportunity to drop you a line after you were kind enough to print my letter last time. I've started buying your magazine every month and I think it is very high quality. My only slight disappointment is that I would like to see more shots in outfits showing a steady strip so that the readers who like flatties standing up straight would not miss out.

As I mentioned before I would love to see more school uniform shots, even if it meant featuring perhaps one uniform per issues as not to appear completely selfish. I would love to see blondes with pigtails or ponytails wearing blazers, white blouses, gray or navy mini skirts and white overthe-knee socks, or sheer black tights and white knickers underneath. Any girl dressed like this sitting opposite you smiling and gently showing their knickers is the ultimate shot. I would also appreciate mini dresses or denim mini skirts with black tights and white knickers. (Beige or white mini



dresses on Latinas.)

With such a quality magazine like yours I think such pictures are possible, especially as you are willing to print readers' requests and even the complaints. I've not seen your hardcore edition, but I've seen DVDs and I do think that older men with your younger girls is a winning combination. Thanks for your time.-J., Nottingham, England

Dear J.,

We know that the schoolgirl fantasy is a big one, but due to many factors we cannot always include a layout of a girl in a school uniform in every issue. We hope that our assortment of cute, young models is enough to overshadow that fact in your eyes.

## Take the Good with the Bad

Dear Virgin Territory,

The Oct. '10 issue of 18eighteen was a really great issue because it featured the lovely and beautiful Amanda. I jacked my cock so hard over that beautiful, pink, bushy pussy. I want to fuck her so fucking hard and spunk over her furry bush. It is so beautiful to see a nice bushy pussy in the mag and not just the shaved ones. I want to see more bushy pussies in 18eighteen, please. I love girls who have a bush just like Koko Li, Emma from Sept.



'06, Gale from May '07 and Kinzy Jo from Nov. '07. And I also liked Colby, Remi and Destiny in Oct. '10. It's nice to see that hardcore is back to its best. It was shit from May '10 to Sept. '10. M.F. from Camp Hill, Pennsylvania was spot on about the cum shots being crap, and he was spot on about Sophia. I love Sophia; she is really

Gingerlicious

Holly likes

giving you

fucking hot, but in the June '10 issue she is not. She just did not look sexy at all in that set. Can you please run the photos of Doltin lessica

from Feb. '10 for me? I did not get the Feb. '10 issue. Keep up the work.-J.M., good Falkirk, Scotland, UK

Dear J.M.,

It's so rare that we come across a girl with a full bush these days. That's why girls like Amanda from the Oct. '10 issue are gems! But anyway, as per your request, here is Jessica from Feb. '10.

# Horny for Holly

Dear Virgin Territory,

Thank you so much for another excellent issue. March '11 was a hit. Every girl was sexy. I jacked from front cover to back cover! Shaye and Jayden are two sexy blondes. Gotta love those blondes! It was nice to see Valarie and her pierced nipples again.

> I love her smile; it's so radiant. Sammi is just incredibly adorable and the perfect choice

tor cover. Melissa is a tempting brunette with a bangin' body and mesmerizing

> Latina with a sparkle in her eye. Her vagina looks very tight, too! The hardcore pictorials of Kita Sasha were great. I think both of those ladies are exotic and horny girls. They look like naturals taking those

cute and naughty little

And I've saved the best for last. Holly! What a gorgeous gin-

hard cocks.

#### PUBLISHED BY



JOHN FOX President & CEO **ALEXANDRA QUINONES** Editor MARY CECCARELLI Art Director MIKE FEDERICI Print Operations Manager

#### CIRCULATION **BOB CERMAK**

North American Circulation Manager Phone: 908-272-5861 Email: BCermak2001@Verizon.net

> DAVID EMERSON UK Circulation Manager Phone: 07798-626665 Email: davide@ukdltd.com

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MIKE D'EMIDIO Account Executive DEBBIE WHELAN

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> **DUNCAN AMBLER** Account Manager

#### ADVERTISING AMERICAN MEDIA WORKS **JOHN ROMANO & JAIME ROMANO**

Account Representatives Phone: 914-273-6309 Fax: 914-273-3215 Email: JR228@aol.com

Retail price: U.S. \$8.99; Canada \$9.99; UK £4.50; Bonus Edition: U.S. \$11.99; Canada \$13.99. This is July 2011, Vol. 14, No. 7 (on sale May 17, 2011). © 2011 by The SCORE Group and Quad Int'l., Incorporated, all rights reserved. Republishing in whole or in part, including, but not limited to, any electronic media, is expressly forbidden except with written permission of The SCORE Group. Naughty Neighbors®, Leg Sex®, 40Something®, Voluptuous® and SCORE® are registered trademarks of The SCORE Group and Quad Int'l., Incorporated. 18eighteen™ is a trademark of The SCORE Group and Quad Int'l., Incorporated, registration pending as of publication. The SCORE Group, and Quad Int'l., Incorporated, certify to all commercial purchasers that the aforesaid materials are in full compliance with the requirements of 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and associated regulations. All persons depicted herein were at least 18 years of age at the time of the photography. Editorial Office: 1629 N.W. 84 Ave., Miami, FL 33126. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited material, and all rights in materials published vest in The SCORE Group and 18eighteen. LETTERS are assumed to be for publication, unless otherwise endorsed, and may be edited. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in an unauthorized cover by way of Trade, except at the full retail price, or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever, without the expressed written consent of the publisher. Any similarity between an individual person or people depicted in the fiction or artwork in this magazine and any real person or people is purely coincidental and is not intended as a representation of any particular individual or class of people. PRINTED IN CANADA

18eighteen (ISSN #1365-8476) is published 13 times a year, monthly, plus an additional issue in Nov. for \$59.95 per year in the USA and \$89.95 (U.S. funds) in Canada, by The SCORE Group, 1629 N.W. 84 Avenue, Miami, FL 33126. Periodical Postage Paid at Miami, FL and Additional Mailing Offices. POSTMASTER: Please send address changes to 18 eighteen, 1629 N.W. 84 Avenue, Miami, Florida 33126.

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ger! That red hair, those freckles and those fiery red pubes! I nearly passed out when I got to her pictorial. Her body is incredible-curvy, soft and pale. My favorite kind! Her breasts look like they would be amazing to fondle and suckle, and I am loving her pale-pink nipples. I really think I'm in love. I haven't been this infatuated with a girl in a long time. I hope see her again soon!-V.J., Tallahassee, Florida

Dear V.J.,

You're welcome! How about seeing Holly again in the bonus photo we've included here? Enjoy!

# Here We Go Again

Dear Virgin Territory,

I guess it was just a fluke that you went two-for-two in the first two issues of 18eighteen in 2011. Too bad you couldn't make it three-for-three. The March '11 issue was almost a complete disaster. There were maybe three girls in the entire issue that got my cock throbbing. The hardcore photo shoots were pretty bad, as I don't really care for either girl, and there was no special feature. My favorite girls from this issue were Valarie, Melissa and especially Sammi. Sammi is a hot, new teen to your magazine, I believe, and if she's still a virgin I would give anything to | lips, imagining my be the first to deflower her. She has beautiful little tits, a nice ass and a smoking hot pussy. Her smile and sparkling eyes would melt even the coldest hearts. I loved the picture of her spreading her pussy on page 46, and the picture of her finger in her butt on page 49. Will we be seeing her in hardcore soon? Valarie I remember from a past issue, and she is still as beautiful as ever. Her kinky sexcapades sound so hot, and the picture of her spreading her pussy wide was also nice. Melissa was the third hottest girl from this issue, and I wouldn't mind being the one to wax her sweet pussy and asshole. I hope this March '11 issue of 18 eighteen was just a bump in the road and you will get back on track.-M.F., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Dear M.F.,

Can't win 'em all.

# Riana Next Door

Dear Virgin Territory,

I had to do a double take when I saw Riana on the cover of the Feb. '11 issue. She looks just like a girl who lives next door to me. I would have thought it was her if it turned out that she lived in the same state as me. But I'm from Michigan, and Riana is from Ohio. But man, the resemblance between my neighbor and this girl is uncanny! I couldn't say who is hotter

though; both my neighbor and Riana are total cuties. I will say that Riana's layout has made me look at my neighbor in a different way, if you know what I mean. Thank you once again for fulfilling my girl-next-door fantasies, 18eighteen!-K.B., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Dear K.B.,

Don't you love it when one of our models looks like a girl you know in real life? It definitely makes your jack fantasies about her just a bit more realistic!

# Boner for Blondie

Dear Virgin Territory,

Blondie Jayden makes my cock so hard. I came looking at the picture of her spreading her legs and looking down at her delicious, dark pussy



cock sliding in and out of her bald, wet pussy. My only complaint is that her layout should have been longer with more close-up pussy shots. I think she has the prettiest face of all the girls in the issue. And her petite



tits look like they could use some steaming hot jizz on them. I'd be glad to help out if she'd like it!-J.C., Burlington, Vermont

Dear J.C.,

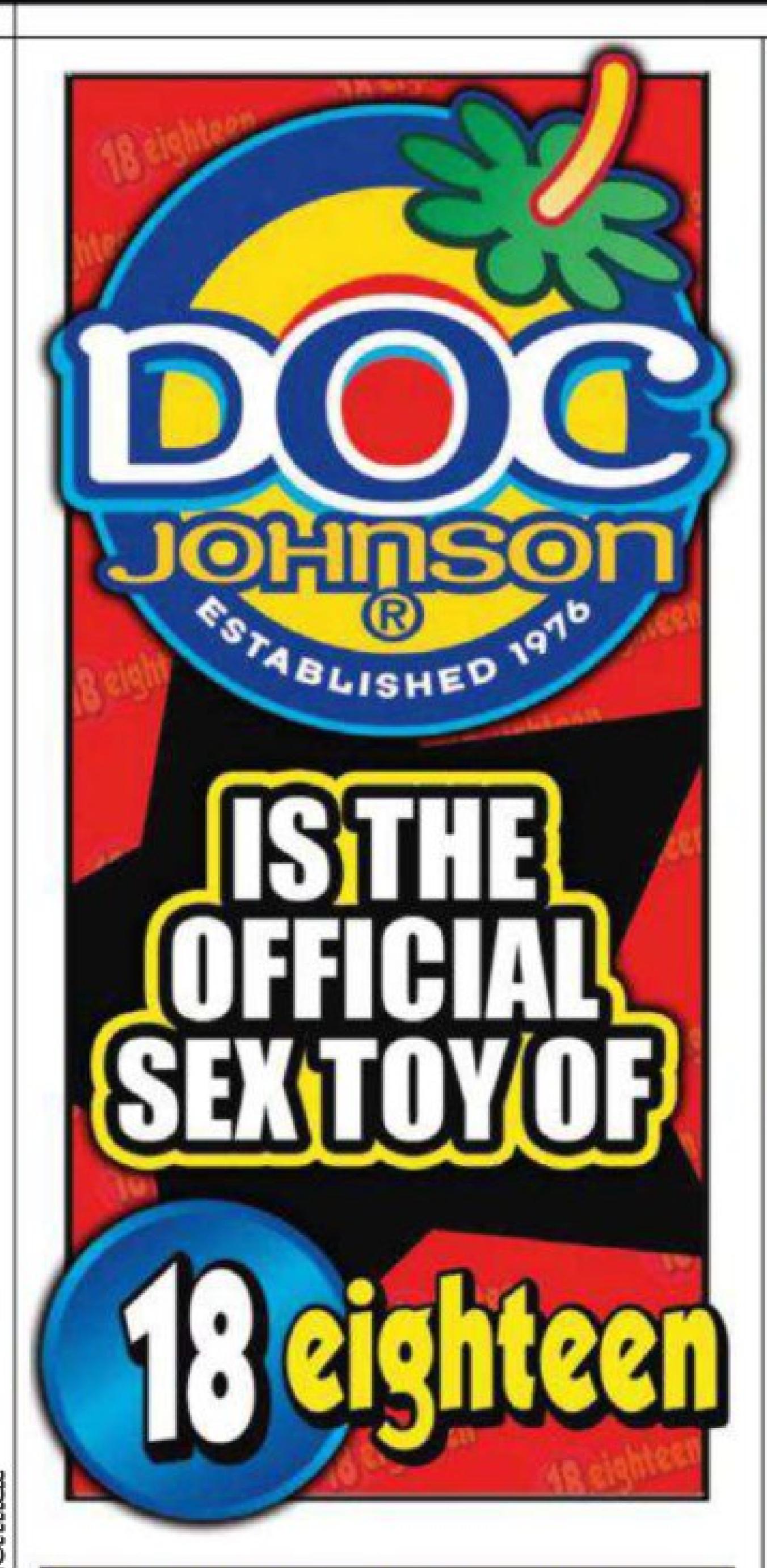
If you'd like to see Jayden coax the cum out of a cock, check her out in Pickin' Up Pussy 4. You can order it on page 9.

# The Big Bad Wolf

Dear Virgin Territory,

Little miss riding hood, Lexi from the Dec. '10 issue, would make a great girlfriend. I think oral is the best. I would love to eat her out in the position she's in on page 32 with her panties in her mouth. Her pussy juices would be running into her anus and I could lick some of her sweet pussy juices out of her ass. Her starfish on page 35 looks just as inviting and tasty as her pussy. I would love to taste them both.

I would love to fuck her in the position she's in on page 33. She looks so sexy with that dark skin tone around her pussy and anus. Her areolae are







also very inviting in the top photo. My cock is about the same size as the guy's on pages 58 and 59 that little Bella is sucking on and riding with ease. If that's what Lexi would consider a nice, average-sized cock for her. I would be real gentle with her sweet pussy and great-looking starfish. She is quite the hot little red riding hood.–K.C., Anamoose, North Dakota

Dear K.C.,

We give Lexi's pussy and starfish an A+! She's a little hottie. Check out the bonus photo we included!

# Sugar Daddy on the Prowl

Dear Virgin Territory,

Hello. I am a new subscriber to 18eighteen.com, and I will be for life! I have long admired young girls, and your girls are the youngest, finest, freshest, yummiest, hottest girls on the planet! Such fine, little bodies! There's none better. I have expressed a desire to play sugar daddy to a number of these girls. I'm an older man in my fifties with a big bank account and a desire to please a bevy of young beauties! Are you 18 to 20 years of age with a desire for diamonds, furs and exotic lingerie? Let's party together!—F., via email

Dear F.,

Your offer would probably sound

enticing to any of our models. Good luck on your mission to become a sugar daddy, and thanks for subscribing to our web site.

# Naughty Niki

Dear Virgin Territory,

Thanks so much for your Jan. '11 issue. It was fantastic, but there was one girl who really blew me away, and that was the lovely Niki on page 72. She is absolutely gorgeous, with a beautiful face, full lips and a superb figure with lovely, long legs.

I can see why she doesn't need to wear a bra as her breasts are fantastic, as is her butt. Overall she is amazing. I'd love to see her in a pictorial again soon, and I've been daydreaming about how it could be done. How about if she's wearing a very short pink baby-doll nightgown with matching pink panties? She'd be looking at the camera with those beautiful eyes and that long mane of soft chestnut hair draped about her shoulders in an incredibly seductive way. She would then tease us with the first few shots before removing her pink panties. Then turning around, but still looking at the camera, she would slowly begin to take off her nightgown, letting it slip to the ground revelling her beautiful bare ass and long, slender legs. She would be looking over her shoulder smiling at her enthralled audience.

Continued on page 18





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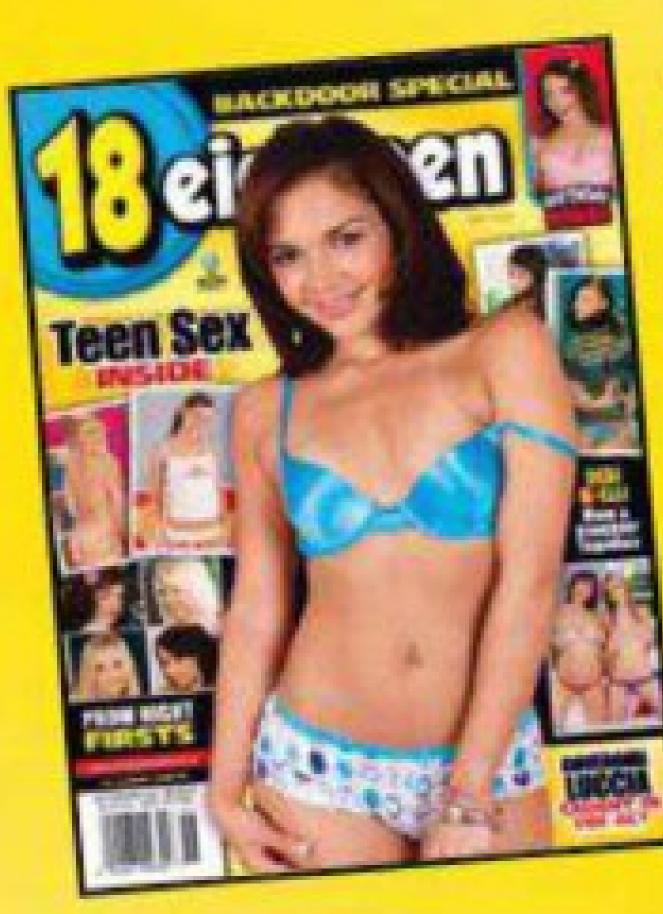
Pretty Bonnie spreads her legs wide for a boning. Goldy lets her boyfriend make a home video of them fucking. And Asian Ava gets a hot beef injection! ET0410



Jewel returns in a solo pictorial, and Minnie comes back to cum on a prick. Kylie fucks shock jock cock. Emiliana has a bubble butt. And Elena is just plain hot! ET0510



Get ready for a teen and MILF three-way with Sophia and Georgette. Plus Channell fucking an auto mechanic and Tinah's tiny Asian pussy. ET0610



Elli and her mom pose almost nude together! Tessa milks a cock with her twat, and so do bitty-boobed cuties Jewel and Cali. And check out the butthole



pick for Boned at Home 2. Madison's boyfriend takes her temperature with his cock. And there's more XXX and tons of hot teens. ET0810



The freshest teens get banged in the video preview for Cherry Picked. Phoenix takes on a huge cock. Bryce fucks a peeping Tom. And Alice is the cute covergirl. ET0910



It's the Back to School issue! Destiny and Mercedes can barely fill an A-cup, but they take on huge cocks. Plus cutie Colby, and Alexis Love's return! ET1010



Tight teens get your boner throbbing! Flat Bianca gets fucked in the ass. Star stuffs a cock up her tight pussy. Elena rides like a pro. And Sasha is a total babe. ET1110



It doesn't get much better than flat Asians, lezzies and fucked teens. Amai is back. Isabella and Teagan lick each other's twats. Tinah and Bella both do XXX! ET1210



Enjoy a three-way with Mandy and Katie. Colby gets a creampie. Casada, Emy and Vicky all return. Sasha is a tiny Asian with braces. And a XXX video preview. ET1310



# JAN.'11

The top 10 hottest hardcore scenes. A Carded Cuties special. Lolly and Poppy in a nasty lezzie layout. And jackable hardcore layouts of blonde Nina and flat Candace. ET0111



Ten pictorials of teen babes, including Ali in a hardcore set where she gets creampied! In the DVD preview of Flat & Fucked 4, the name says it all. ET0211

"I love getting my pussy and asshole licked."

-Cali, June '11

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MARCH'1

Amai, Emy and their friends fuck in front of strangers in Naughty Neighbors' House Party. Covergirl Sammi will win you over with her sweetness and innocence. ETO311



APRIL'11

Flat Isabella, curvy
Nicole and slender,
blonde Jessie all get
their honey cunnies
pounded. Covergirl
Caprice is the hottest
virgin ever. Plus more
pink slits! ETO411



MAY'11

Naughty brace-face
Sasha fucks her mom's
boyfriend and gets a
load of cum all over
her metal mouth! And
the Flat Fillies special
features our finest lil'
flatties ever. ETO511



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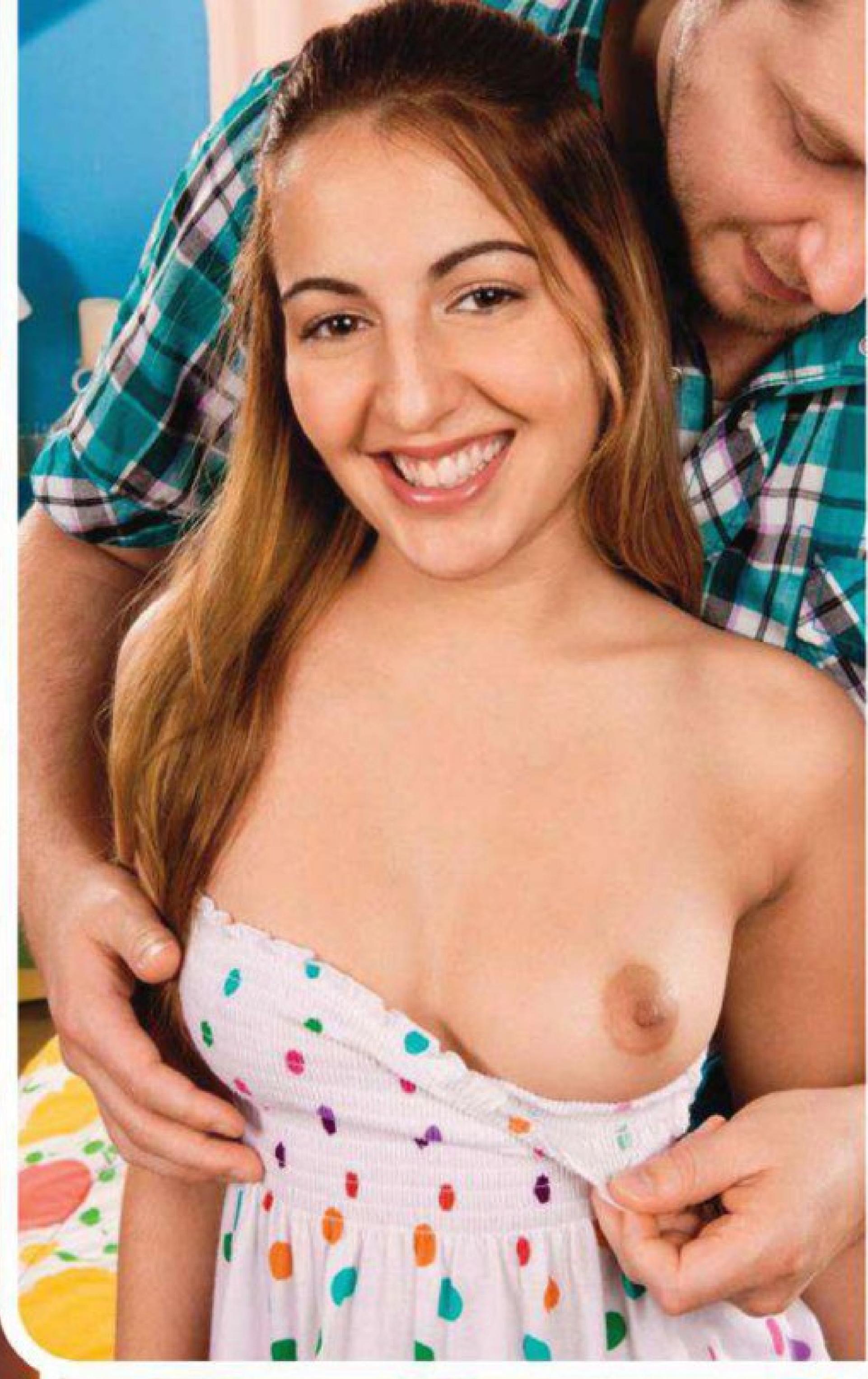
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#### **VIRGIN TERRITORY**

Continued from page 8



She then bends down to pick up the baby-doll, draping it over her front before turning around. She knows she's teasing us, but she enjoys every second. Then she lets it drop and we see her in all her full frontal glory, as if she's now ready to let some lucky guy enjoy her beauty all night long.

Wow! I'm getting horny just thinking about it. Oh, dear! Anyway, I hope I see the beautiful Niki again very soon. Sophia, Brooke and Lina were also amazing! You know how to spoil your readers. Thanks again, and I look forward to the next issue. Cheers.–R.B., via email

Dear R.B.,

Just to clarify for you and the other readers who may read this, Niki's layout in the Jan. '11 issue only ran in the UK edition of 18eighteen. There was a hardcore pictorial that ran in place of Niki's layout in the International editions of 18eighteen. The reason for this is because UK censorship laws do not allow hardcore in the magazines that go to newsstands, which is where the UK editions of 18eighteen are found. R.B., if you'd like to start getting the International edition of 18eighteen with uncensored hardcore, you can become a subscriber by filling out the form on page 4. And about Niki, she is amazing and her figure is quite lovely. Here's a bonus photo of her for you and all the International edition readers who missed out on her.







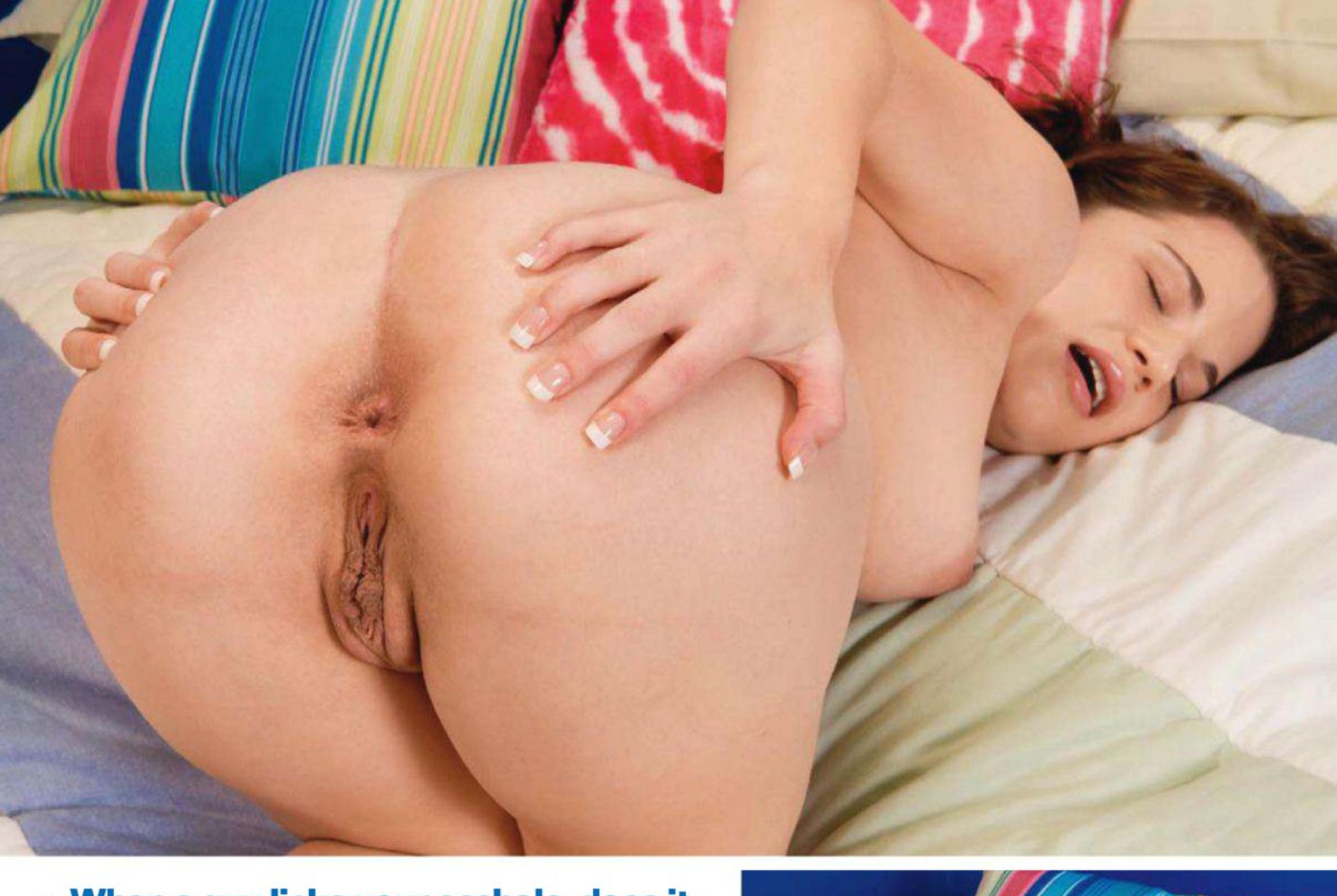






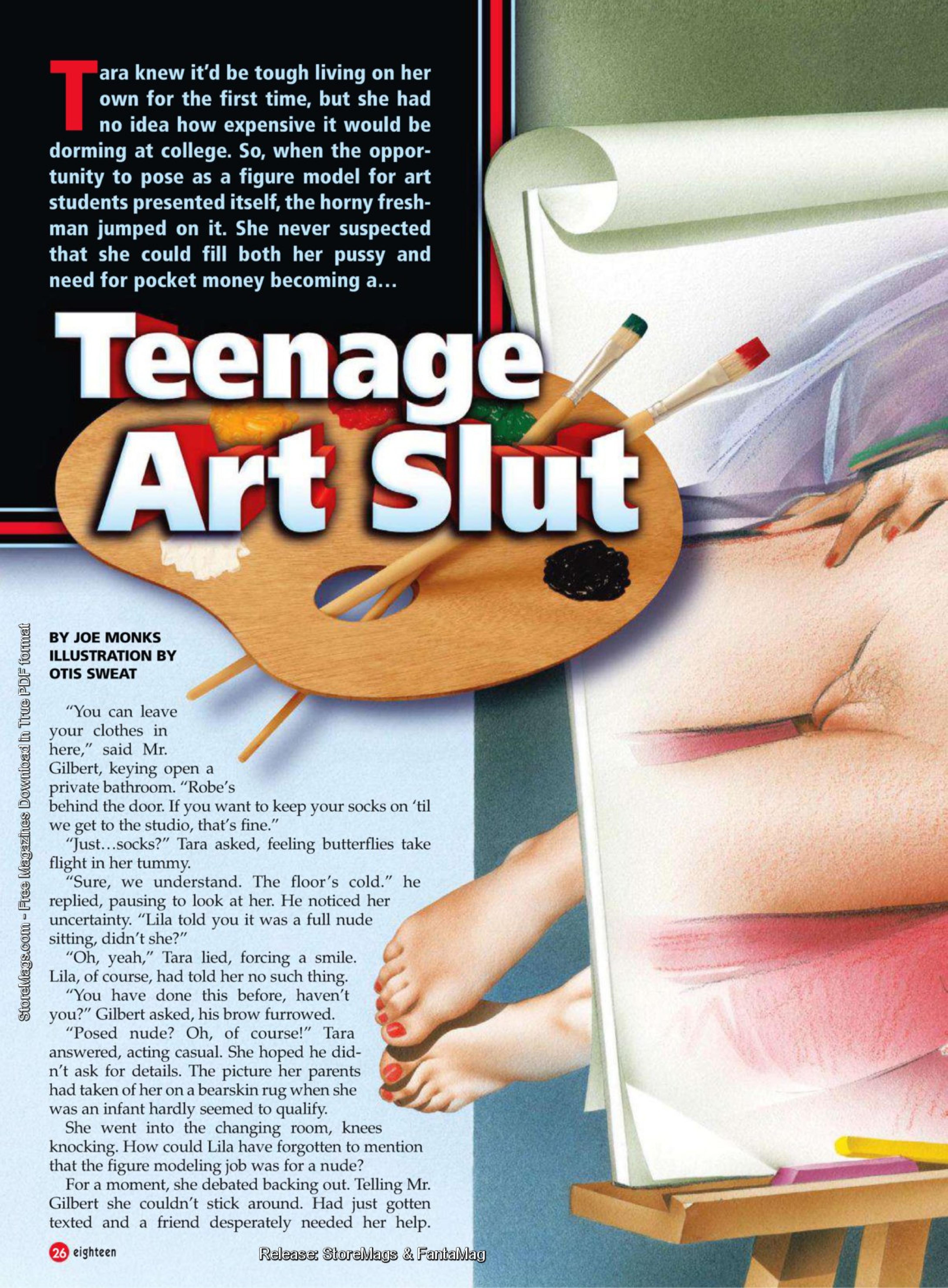
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Something...anything...

The truth, however, was that she was the desperate one. She was practically broke, halfway through her first semester at college, and didn't dare ask her parents for money. Then she'd have to admit that her summer savings wouldn't be enough to live on, and they'd tell her, "Told you so," before forcing her to enroll at the local community college, like they had wanted all along.

Tara began to strip, trying to keep her hands from shaking. She couldn't let on this was her first time. The pay was good and Lila was graduating, which meant that next semester, Tara would be up for all Lila's gigs.

So long as she didn't freak out like a total newbie the minute she took her robe off, she thought, unfastening her bra. She tried to avoid looking at herself in the mirror, but couldn't help it.

Her nipples were hard!

A tap on the door. Tara nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Everything all right?" Gilbert asked.

Tara steadied herself.

Stepped out of her undies. Examined her body in the mirror.

Was that—? It couldn't be. But just in case, she wiped her glistening pussy lips with a tissue.

Nerves, just nerves, she reassured herself, explaining away the wetness that had matted her silky pubic hair. Then, wearing nothing but the robe and her ankle socks, little Cheshire cats grinning in all directions, she exited the changing room.

"Ready," she declared, following Gilbert to the studio.

Ready...but terrified.

There were twelve students in the class, seven women and five men. Two of the guys looked to be in their thirties, while one of the women was easily retirement age. The rest were all about her age or a little older. Juniors and seniors, she guessed.

Gilbert introduced her, led her to a divan on a small, raised platform, and stood there. Tara realized he was waiting for her robe.

With a gulp, she slipped it off, and settled onto the divan, posing the way she'd been instructed. Gilbert gave her a smile, then stepped away to

hang the robe on a hook across the room. It seemed very far away.

One hour, girl, Tara told herself, as the students began to sketch. While they worked, she cast furtive glances at them. One of the older guys was using charcoals, sketching enthusiastically. Tara eyed one of the younger guys, and wondered what it'd be like to sketch him in the nude. Again, the butterflies took flight. She glanced away before he noticed she was staring at him.

More accurately, at his crotch. Tara

Tara was suddenly aware of something else.

A burning desire to touch herself.

She knew she couldn't, but the need to slip a finger inside her was so intense it was almost overwhelming.

knew the drill.

Everyone was supposed to act professionally. Nude modeling was just a means to develop artistic technique, all that jazz. But there was no doubt, the guy was pitching a tent, and since Tara was the only naked girl in the room, she knew she was responsible for the bulge in his pants.

She took a deep breath, painfully aware that her nips were hard again.

Oh, God! she thought, her mind racing. She was supposed to be comfortable with this. What would Mr. Gilbert think if he saw her boobies sporting titty hard-ons?

Trying to calm herself, Tara flicked her eyes away, fixing them on the back of a female student's easel. There, she thought, just keep looking at nothing. Any second now, your nipples will stop looking like gumdrops on a gingerbread house and the hot, sticky sensation between your legs will go aw—

Tara froze, her muscles tense. She was suddenly certain that the retired woman had zeroed in on her damp cleft. Could she tell from where she sat that Tara's pussy had begun to leak love oil?

Tara averted her eyes. The guy with the erection was scratching away at his pad, and did his dick look huge! She looked away, found a tentative student whose eyes it seemed were fixed on his pencils. *Good*, Tara thought, trying to keep her breathing in check. The student glanced up. Their eyes met. He quickly turned back to his drawing.

Tara felt panicky. Was her pussy dripping? It sure felt like it.

Was that a trick-

le of girl cream

running down her thigh? She didn't dare look, afraid of what she might see. Then, she imagined something even worse. What if the embarrassed guy couldn't just see her wet spot, but smell it? Tara was mortified at the thought. She'd showered right before leaving her dorm, and used that peachy-scented body spray, but still,

there was nothing quite like the smell of wet pussy. She knew what her sheets were like after she'd been finger-fucking herself, and a spritz of peach body spray wasn't going to mask the tangy odor of her dripping snatch, that was for damn sure.

Tara was suddenly aware of something else. A burning desire to touch herself. She knew she couldn't, but the need to slip a finger inside her was so intense it was almost overwhelming. And, just as sure as she knew it was a very bad idea to check out that guy's bulge again, she knew that if she gave in and touched her smoldering honeypot, that would be the end of it. She'd be on her back, legs spread, using one hand to tease her pert buds and the other to diddle her clit, art students be damned.

"All right," Gilbert announced.
"Break time. Take ten. Give your fingers a few minutes to relax and then we'll wrap up."

With a flourish here and a few more Continued on page 42











# Moretta, you look like such a nice girl with those braces and those cotton panties.

"Well, I'm not. When I go out I like to dress like a slut so people know I'm down to fuck. I wear white t-shirts with no bra so guys can see my little nipples poking out. And I'll wear the shortest skirts I can get away with, along with slut heels."





# Such a horny girl probably has some kinky stories to tell us, right?

"Sure! One time I had sex in a glass elevator at a train station. It was kind of late and there weren't too many people around, so I figured it wouldn't be that big of a deal if we got caught. The place wasn't completely empty though. I know for sure this old guy saw my boyfriend doing me doggie-style in there, 'cause I saw him staring, and then he gave us a thumbs up."



















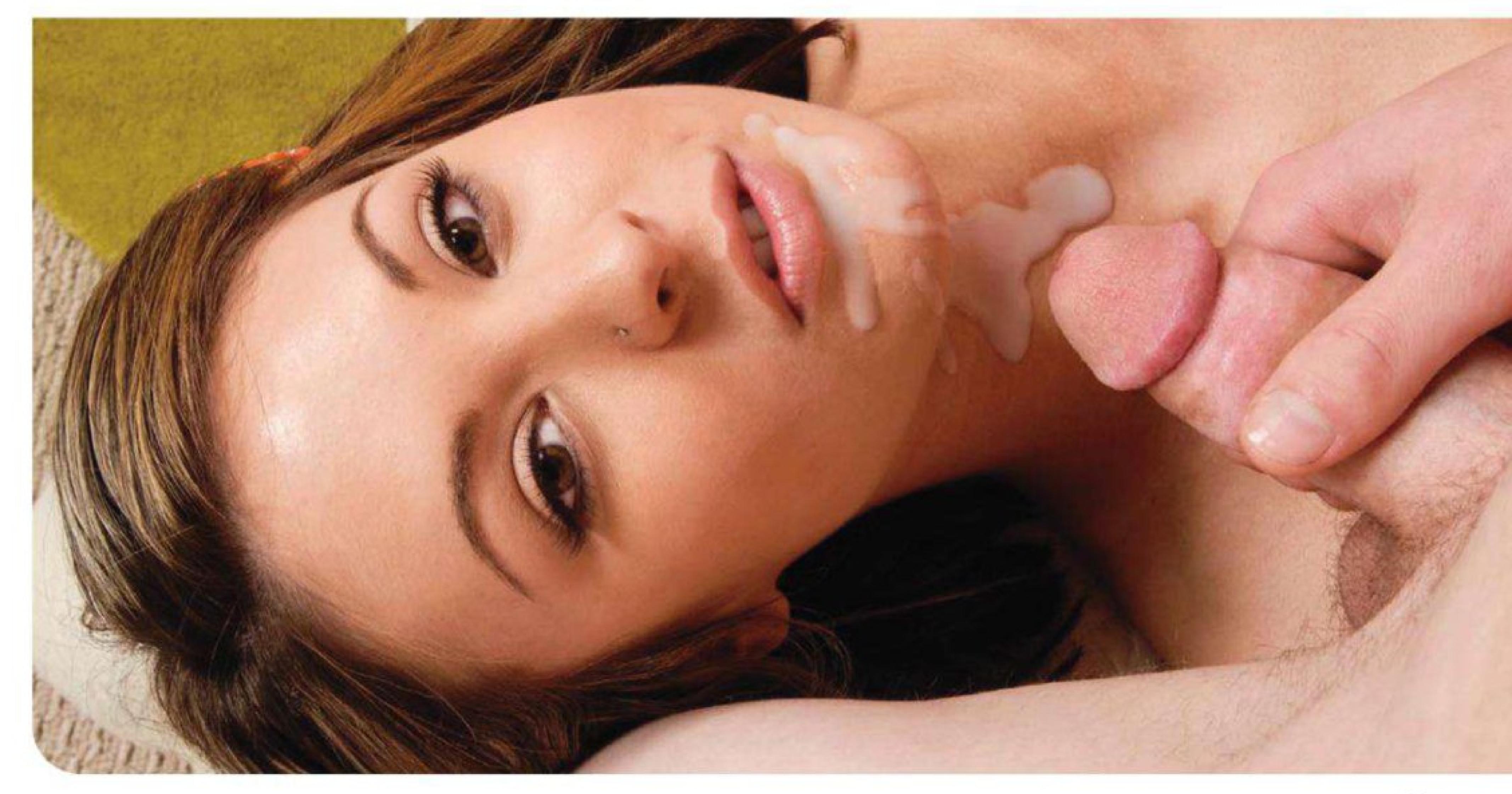






# So tell us Candace, how did you like taking a teen guy's virginity?

"It was fun. What he didn't have in experience he made up for with enthusiasm. I did a lot of the work, but I don't mind. What I liked was that he was really horny. He came fast the first time, but he was able to get it right back up and go again."



## TEENAGE ART SLUT

Continued from page 28

strokes there, the students finished what they were doing. Tara sat up, instinctively closing her legs. A quick look eased her worries. No trails of sticky pussy juice were evident, although she felt the presence of syrup in her slit. She took the robe Gilbert offered, and quickly made off to the bathroom.

Ten minutes. To masturbate, or not to masturbate? Tara really needed to get off, but was afraid somebody might hear her. Or, that she'd lose track of time and somebody would come looking for her. The retired woman with the keen eyes, probably.

No, she decided. She didn't want any part of that.

Quickly, she dabbed at her slick cunt lips with tissues.

Tonight, she promised herself, she'd bust out her favorite vibrator, grease her fuckhole with one of those warming-gel lubes, and turn the ceiling fan on so it blew right on her pus—

"Let's go gang, half an hour and we can all go home!" Mr. Gilbert, calling from the studio. Tara heard footsteps. She examined herself in the mirror, wiping the last of the nectar from her twat. Dry enough, she assessed as she pulled the robe back on.

Half an hour. She could make it. As long as she kept her mind off that guy's throbbing, erect cock, the feel of his veiny shaft as she deep-throated him, sucking him off and—

"Tara?" Mr. Gilbert said at the door. "Ready!" she called, bouncing out of the room.

ara dressed hurriedly, not even bothering to tie her sneakers, simply

jamming the laces in under her heels. Her dorm room was across the quad, a five minute walk, tops. That meant she could probably be undressed, in bed, with her vibe on HIGH and cunny slathered with lube in roughly seven minutes. Even that seemed too long to wait, but until a teleportation machine was invented...

She was considering the potential benefits of a portable teleporter for a

woefully-undersexed eighteen year old, when she slammed into one of the students from the figure modeling class. He caught her before she landed flat on her ass.

"Ohmygod!" she apologized, catching her balance. "I am so sorry! I wasn't paying attention."

"That's okay," he said sheepishly.
"My fault, I shouldn't have been standing right outside the door."

Tara saw it was pencil-guy, who she'd feared had been getting a whiff of her hyperactive love slot. He was certainly in the right place, she remembered, sitting directly in front of her panty-free pussy.

He was still having a hard time meeting her eyes. She wondered if she should have applied more body scent during the break...

"I, uh, have something to ask you," he said shakily.

Oh, no, Tara thought, dread welling up inside her. He's going to tell me I shouldn't pose if I can't keep from creaming during a session!

Only, that wasn't it. Tara was so relieved when he asked her his question, that she agreed even before thinking about it—before she realized it meant delaying her eagerly-anticipated get-off session.

Oh well, she sighed as Chris walked her across the quad. Seventy-five bucks to pose for a pastel color portrait was money she hadn't expected. She'd already been sitting naked in front of him for the past hour, so it wasn't like she'd be embarrassed.

Chris was staying in a form one building over, and he walked her upstairs, as awkward and shy as a tenth-grader who'd just asked a girl out for the first time. Tara found it kind of cute. It didn't hurt that Chris was pretty cute himself.

Chris had an easel already set up, and had a plastic chaise longue that looked like it had been salvaged from somebody's patio set, decorated with two red satin throw pillows.

"Not exactly what you'd find on the French Riviera," he admitted. "But it's comfy."

Tara sat down. He was right. The cushions were thick and firm, but not too firm. It would kick ass to have one of these in her room.

"You want me sitting, laying down, what?" Tara asked. Chris looked around the easel at her, startled.

"Huh?"

"For the portrait. How do you want me to pose?" she asked, kicking off her sneakers and yanking off her little, white socks.

"Oh, uh, reclining, that would look nice," he explained, raising the chair back into the right position. Tara could feel him tense up as she peeled off her t-shirt and undid her bra. Was he blushing? She decided that yes, he was a little red in the face. It kind of turned her on. She popped the clasp and let the bra fall away. She couldn't help herself, pulling her shoulders back a bit and showing off her very shapely breasts.

"Just like in class?" she asked.

"Like in class?" Now, Chris really looked flustered.

"You know, like this?" she teased, pants already around her ankles. Smiling at him, she tugged down her bloomers. "You said nude, right? Like, you wanted me totally naked?"

Poor Chris managed a nod and strained smile. Tara had to fight to keep from giggling as he practically ran back to his stool to hide from her overt flirtation.

Tara, fully naked now, spread out on the lounger and put on her best sex-kitten expression. In response, Chris immediately began rifling through pastels. Tara wet her lips. When Chris finally managed to look at her, the tip of her tongue was touching her upper lip.

Shifting uncomfortably in his seat, Chris began to draw. Every few minutes, when he was focused on his illustration pad, Tara tweaked her nipples, making them hard. It didn't take much effort. Far less self-conscious than she'd been in the studio, Tara checked her vagina, finding it very, very shiny.

Chris' knee was bobbing about a mile a minute. After about half an hour, Tara cleared her throat.

"Break time?"

Chris, breathing hard, fingers stained with pastel dust, nodded.

Tara stood and stretched. Chris stole a look, then made a show of wiping his hands on a rag.

"Can I see?" Tara asked, walking towards him.

"No!" he shot back, eyes wide. "I, uh, I mean...not yet. It's not done."

Tara wasn't about to be dissuaded, Continued on page 88

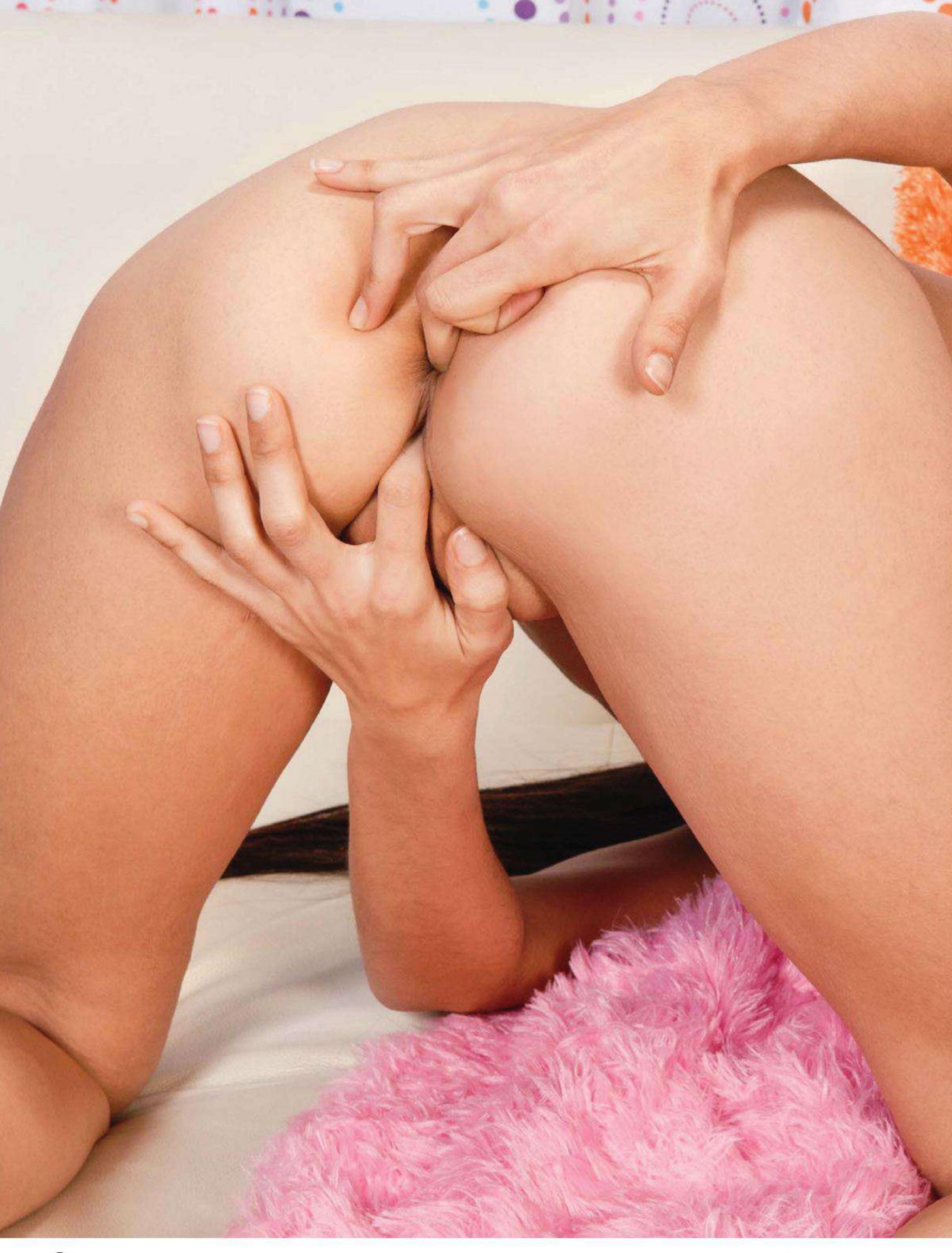


















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# ART SCHOOL Cum-fidential

They're young and sexy and horny. And most importantly, their talent and creativity isn't bound to the canvas or clay. Meet three artistic vixens who'd love to paint you up and down.



There's that stereotypical art girl you know and love—the moping, mooning, poetry-writing chick in the Doc Martens. She's got pierced nipples, purple hair and attitude to spare and she gets off on sucking your cock in the men's room of the grungiest rock club in town. Because, you know—she thinks that's edgy. And she likes it that way. Hey, I'm not complaining.

But art is subjective, as are the lovely women who heed its calling. And for some reason of late, I've received a host of letters from sexy, little painters and sculptors and the like, each keening to tell me their tales of art-school lust (the cock teases). Interestingly, the only thing any of them really have in common, aside from impending (and largely useless) art degrees, is a willingness to share their sexcapades with the rest of us. And I'm happy to cham-

pion their cause.

After all, if hot sex with young girls isn't an art form, it certainly should be. In fact, once I'm done with this story, I'm going to start on a petition to the Louvre. Maybe we can get a rotating centerfold exhibit going there. Class the joint up a bit.

# Dixie

When she was a girl, she'd tell her friends her name was "Pixie," because she thought it was cuter, says the tawny blonde with the southern Georgia drawl. Aside from her honeyed complexion, and shoulder freckles culled from playing ball outside in the sun with her three brothers, she does look quite a bit like Tinkerbell, truth be told. "It was also an arty girl's name," she admits. "I was creative from early on. Sidewalk chalk was my favorite thing in the world and I still love drawing with chalk and pastels

high school, I couldn't pass by a

chalkboard without doing some sort of mural," she laughs. "Even if they only had boring white or yellow chalk I'd make it work."

College rolled around and at last, in between all those pesky core requirements, she could delve deeper into art with all the classes she could cram in, from throwing pots to making jewelry to drawing live nude models. "It's been exhilarating," sighs the 21-year-old. "I'm sad to be in my senior year and wondering what to do next. Luckily, I have Dr. L for guidance." She bites her tongue and giggles. She knows I know the truth: Guidance is not all Dr. L's been giving her. Unless he's giving it in injection form.

"He's a philosophy professor who doubles as a painting instructor," she says, clearly smitten. "We met when I

and chatted. Then the place completely cleared out, and I ended extremely hot, slop-

py head under the draped table. His cock was as stiff as a freshman's but his balls were salt-and-pepper and smelled like sandalwood and musk. I was hooked on him. It was pheromones. We went back to his house and he showed me what sex was really like. Up until then I'd only had it with boys. This was 10 levels up from that."

From that night on, they've been an item. "I'm 21

of his nose disappears into the soft blonde curls. I especially like it when he kisses it through my panties. It's hard, but I like to tease him that way. Let him get the scent of me, then leave him there with a big stiffy and a stack of papers to grade. Then later, when he comes around to my place, he gives it to me good and hard-sometimes with a playful spanking up giving him because I've been a naughty girl.

> "He makes me lick and suck his balls until they're as sopping wet as my pussy and then bends me over the kitchen table or sofa or computer desk and gives it to me first doggy and then, when my wetness has spread all up and down my crack, he slides it into my ass while I play with my button. I've never cum so hard in my life. None of the guys I'd been with before were ever as creative or

adventurous. He makes me feel like a porn star and a virgin at the same time. It's addictive."

Dr. L (short for a long Greek name, by the way) is, not surprisingly, trying to convince Dixie that grad school might be in order. "I can't say that I'd be opposed to spending another two years with my thighs thrown over the arms of his big leather desk chair with my dress hiked to my waist," she giggles. "You haven't lived until your professor boyfriend has his tongue dancing circles on your clit and the Dean of Students tries the door only to find it locked!"

Dixie's favorite on-campus sex adventure so far was in the studio. It was late. The pair covered one another in paints and rolled on the canvases while they fucked and sucked and fucked some more. "Then I did a show with them. It was really well reviewed and I sold every piece! Even my favorite, which had the perfect impression of my body in profile with his behind me - I used a brush to fill in the space where his big cock was buried in my behind," she laughs. "I wanted to make it as real for the audience as it was for me. God, I love being an artist."

"I think art school was the place for me not only because I would love to be a full-time sculptor one day, but because I'm a little bit of a freak in the bed," giggles Mayte, 20. She's made a lot of friends in college but admits, now that she is a



and he's 50; I know he finds the age difference between us as sexy as I do."

Dixie makes a habit, in fact, of showing up to his office in flowery baby-doll dresses and sandals. Sometimes even a straw hat and pig tails. "I never wear make-up because he loves my freckles. In fact, he's taught me to love my freckles. Quite a feat, since I've hated them since I was nine. I like to get up on his desk in front of him and spread my legs wide. I love watching him kiss my pussy. I like watching the way the tip



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It's true her look isn't en vogue at art school, but a hottie's a hottie, regardless of type. She's a curvy, bouncy cutie-a regular in Tai-Bo and Zumba at the local gym, a fan of Latin club music and reggaeton. "So what if I'm not sullen," she laughs. "But I do have something in common with the girls in my dorm," she says. "I'm very experimental."

In fact, she'd long fantasized about being with another girl, Ricki. "She was soooooo sexy," Mayte confesses, admitting with laughter that aside from Ricki's art-school look (fuchsia streaks in her hair, six earrings in each ear and a penchant for combat boots); their body types were essentially identical. "She wore a lot of tank tops," Mayte

remembers. "Not surprising, because sophomore, she has really nice titties. About the same size as mine—Cs. Very hot.

age art kid. "I was- "I met her in pottery class last year but never really got to know her. This year, we both showed up for school a week early and ended up almost totally alone in the dorms. We watched a few movies in my room, got to know one another, and I was wondering how I should make a move, you know?"

> Then Ricki gave her the shock of her life. "One night she said, 'I'm gonna go take a shower. You wanna come?' For a second, I thought she just meant that we should shower at the same time, but when I looked at her expression, how she was looking at me, I knew she was thinking just the way I'd been hoping. I told her I'd meet her in the girls' room."

> Armed with a sand pail filled with scented body wash samples and two big, soft sponges, Mayte showed up wearing a short, red-silk kimono and

flip-flops. The room was already steamy; the center shower stall was already going. "I'm in here," Ricki called out to her.

The tuft of Mayte's bush was already damp at the slit; she'd primed herself a little in her bed beforehand. Her clit was pulsing. Her heart was racing. She opened the curtain to the entrance chamber-a dry zone with benches for clothes-and stepped in. Ricki had left the inside curtain open and was already naked and wet, her hair rich with lathery shampoo that traced a downward trail between her full, coffee-colored breasts. It lingered in a full triangle of fur between her legs. She was gorgeous; toned thighs, soft and flat belly, all glistening and girly, ripe and ready.

"Love the robe," she purred. "But I want to see you."

Mayte hung the slip on a hook and the two stood there, looking at one but hadn't really found the right another. Body-wise it really was like opportunity, until she met looking in a mirror. Both of them found it a turn-on. Ricki reached for her, pulling her into the hot spray and into the most sensual of girl-girl kisses, two full, ripe mouths devouring one another, tongues at play, hands roaming over wet, slippery curves, into wet, slippery crevices.

"Her tits felt like heaven against mine," Mayte remembers. "Now I know why the boys like them so much!" They writhed against one another, soaping up their luscious, smooth skin, lathering each other's pussies with pomegranate-lime wash until both of them just wanted to lie on the floor and get into a hard 69.

"But the shower floor is like, really nasty!" she says with a giggle. "Seriously, I don't think my pussy has EVER been that clean. Then we washed each other's hair and rinsed off and booked it back to my room. After that it was all bets off."

They tore off their robes and towels and went at each other on the bed, faces pressed into one another's gaping wet slits, their lips and tongues working overtime. "We were eating each other," Mayte recalls. "I mean, when you say you 'ate someone out,' that's exactly what this was. Hottest oral ever. We were suffocating one another with wet slippery bush. And when we came together it was totally out of control."

Later, the pair lay in bed together.

Tickling. Touching. Stroking. Laughing. "It was totally hot," she says. "And the second time around, it was slow and sexy. I got to kiss every inch of her and spend all the time I wanted sucking and teasing her nip-

ples before going downtown to chow again. We took turns, spreading each other open and really looking at each other up close. Tasting each other. Our bodies were so similar, it was eerie. Sexy. Tasty." She stops to laugh. "Don't get me wrong, I love the cock. I'm not giving up men. But it's going to be nice to

she says, chuckling. "I was the oddball, the art chick, you know? With the striped tights and the ripped mini skirts, the black clothes and the everchanging Technicolor chunks showing up in her hair."

Art was her love, her escape. Mr. Mullen sensed that from the get-go and she'd often volunteer for his extracurricular projects. "He'd take me and several other students out and we'd do all kinds of art-related things-painting a mural on the basketball courts of a low-funded school,

helping him teach pottery classes to elementary-school kids at the Rec Center, or even helping him out every year when the time came to Spring Clean his class and supply closet. We'd do fundraisers, too."

Susan was a good student, mostly quiet, and she and Mr. Mullen could sit and work on their respective projects in his classroom for a couple of hours straight without even talking. "We just sort of enjoyed each other's presence. He always felt warm and safe to me. And we talked, too. Over the years even about personal things. When my parents got

divorced,

he would

listen and

share a











have Ricki two doors down when one of us wants a girly fix."

experimental."

Mr. Mullen wasn't the hottest guy in the world. He was older, his hairline a tad high, his well-kept beard graying, but Susan didn't mind any of it. In fact, she told me it made him more attractive, so different from any of the people she spent time with. Mr. Mullen was her art teacher and Susan loved art. She had since she was a girl. "Hooked since my first memory of bathtub finger paints," she told me.

They'd met several years ago, when Susan was starting a new school in a small town in upstate New York. "I had no friends at first,"

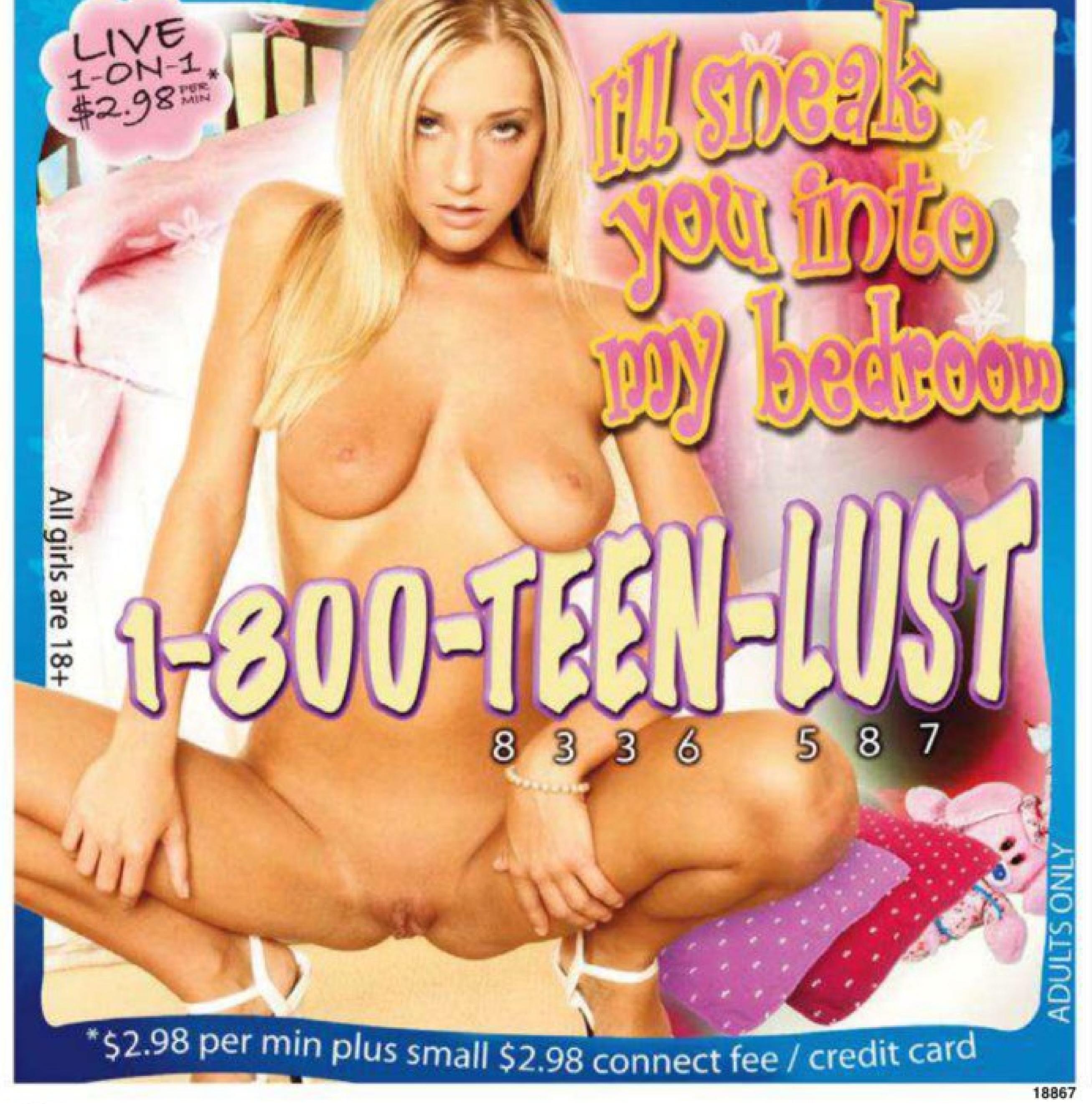
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he went through when his wife passed away."

They grew close. "I'd always kind of had this crush on him," she says. "It makes it sound kind of nasty, but it wasn't that way at all. I'd think about him holding me. What his beard would feel like against my lips-or even my inner-thighs-and yes, I definitely actively fantasized about him sometimes, if you know what I mean. I could make myself cum so hard imagining him taking me-quietly but very forcefully." But, of course, she was a student. In high school. And she knew it was just fantasy. "I was his pet student, for sure," she says. "It was his letter that got me into my dream school in New York City. And when I went, I flourished."

Before the end of her first semester, in fact, the young artist managed to land several pieces in a relatively high-profile gallery show. She sent Mr. Mullen a card with an invitation. "He was the only person I really cared about having there. And when I saw him walk through the door, my stomach was raging with butterflies."

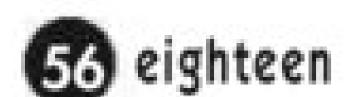
He looked like another person in his dark suit, so different from the paint- and ink-stained jeans she'd seen him wearing for three years at school, but the strong, gentle smile was there. When he came to embrace her and she felt the warmth of his hand on her lower back, radiating through the thin material of her simple, black ballerina-style wrap dress, something was new.

"Electricity," she told me. "My nipples hardened instantly against him—and I'm so small I never wear a bra. When I pulled away I saw him glance down quickly, I saw his face flush." But instead of being embarrassed, Susan was emboldened. "I could feel the wetness of my panties against my bare-shaven lips and I could see that he was looking at me differently than he ever had before."

They didn't spend much time together at the show. Susan was escorted about by the curator, meeting people, talking about her work, but at the end of the evening, Mr. Mullen was there. Waiting.

"Want to get coffee?" she asked.

"Definitely," he said. His voice was barely a whisper, confident and strong. It turned her thighs, and the Continued on page 64









# Destiny, do people have a hard time believing that you're 18?

"Yes, no one believes me! I get carded all the time when I go to see an R-rated movie or try to get into an 18+ club. Then when they check my ID they stare at it forever to see if it's really file."

















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## ART SCHOOL CUM-FIDENTIAL

Continued from page 56

quivering flower between, to jelly.

They laughed and made small talk, and she led him to her building. He told her to call him "Jim." Weird, she thought. But hot. He waited patiently as she fumbled with her keys in the dim hallway, making his move as the door was pushed open, gathering her tiny body in his arms. Her legs came up around him and their mouths crashed together, tongues dancing hot and wet. Her pussy responded in kind, its inner machinations creating a hot, syrupy smoothie of passion that seeped from the petals of her tight flower into her black satin bikinis.

He backed her onto the small table near the door, the "foyer" section of her unremarkable studio apartment, and she spread her legs for him, sighing audibly when his practiced fingers—artist's fingers—wound underneath the small satin panel and found a home in the slick, narrow canal of her hot snatch.

He sighed as well, then crouched, easing porcelain thighs apart and bringing her ass to the edge of the table, lifting her skirt and—this turned her on more than she'd ever imagined—sniffing her pussy, really burying his nose in there against the satin of her panties, then removing them quickly. He lifted her skirt and waited, looking at the white of her naked lips, the shine of them, so covered they were with her love juices.

She quivered as he looked, aroused, afraid, her heart beating in her chest until finally she spread her own legs wider, parting her vulva and watching his expression as her fat, swollen clit jumped out, begging for his touch. He couldn't resist and took it into his mouth, loving the sensation of rolling it between his full, wet lips, the feeling of her nails raking through his hair while she moaned with pleasure, the way her pussy contracted around his fingers as he slid them deep inside her. That was going to be one snug fit for his cock.

She was so small and pale and sexy, her hair cut in a sophisticated blue-black bob like a China doll. They'd kissed away her lipstick and her tender youth needed no makeup. She'd grown some, of course, since they'd

met as teacher and student years ago, but she looked like an angel-a college version of Natalie Portman in "The Professional." She was perfect. And he would treat her as such.

He carried her over to the full size mattress on the floor. It wasn't fancy, of course, but she'd made some effort. The sheets and bedspread were new. He laid her down and looked at her wide, innocent face, eyes filled with girlish apprehension and womanly passion. This time he wanted her naked. He undid the tie of her wrap dress and watched as she opened it, revealing luminous, white skin and again, that bare, beautiful, little pussy.

She'd gotten a tattoo, a tiny black serpent at her hip. Her nipples were dark, little kisses. He took one in his mouth and relished how her back arched up, pressing herself into him like an eager kitty, then kissed his way down her stomach to finish the job, lapping her slit with a wide, fat tongue, sucking her plump blueberry of a clit to a frenzy. She came hard but quietly, pulling his head up to kiss him when she'd finished, licking and sucking her essence from his lips, his beard, grinding against his cock with frustration; he was still dressed, but relieved himself from his clothing in seconds and drove his weapon inside her-all seven and a half inches-in one heavy motion.

She keened against his ear, then begged him for more, her frail, little body proving stronger than it looked, her legs wrapping fast around his sturdy trunk, her hips meeting his thrusts with a matching intensity. She whispered soft and hot and dirty in his ear, about how she loved his cock, how she'd been thinking about it for the longest, how she couldn't believe he was fucking her and that it was as good as she'd always imagined.

He pulled out and pressed the fat head of his prick against her belly, leaving his cream in a pool there, barely visible against her vanilla skin save its wetness. She was still grinding his phantom cock, ready for more, and rubbed his spend into her belly. She smiled playfully at him.

"Shower?" she asked.

He nodded and followed her.

Teaching, he'd tell her over breakfast, certainly had its rewards, but he'd never imagined a night like that would be one of them.

















































# Tell us more about you feeling horny.

"After the first time my ex shot me nude, we had the best sex ever! I even let him take pictures of us having sex. But after we broke up I made sure to get them back. I haven't decided if I want to have sex in front of a camera for everyone to see yet. It is definitely a possibility though. For now, I just love taking naked pictures and masturbating in front of the camera. Even when I'm masturbating alone, I imagine there's a camera there taking pictures of me, and that somewhere out there a sexy man is masturbating to pictures of my puffy nipples and pretty, shaved pussy."



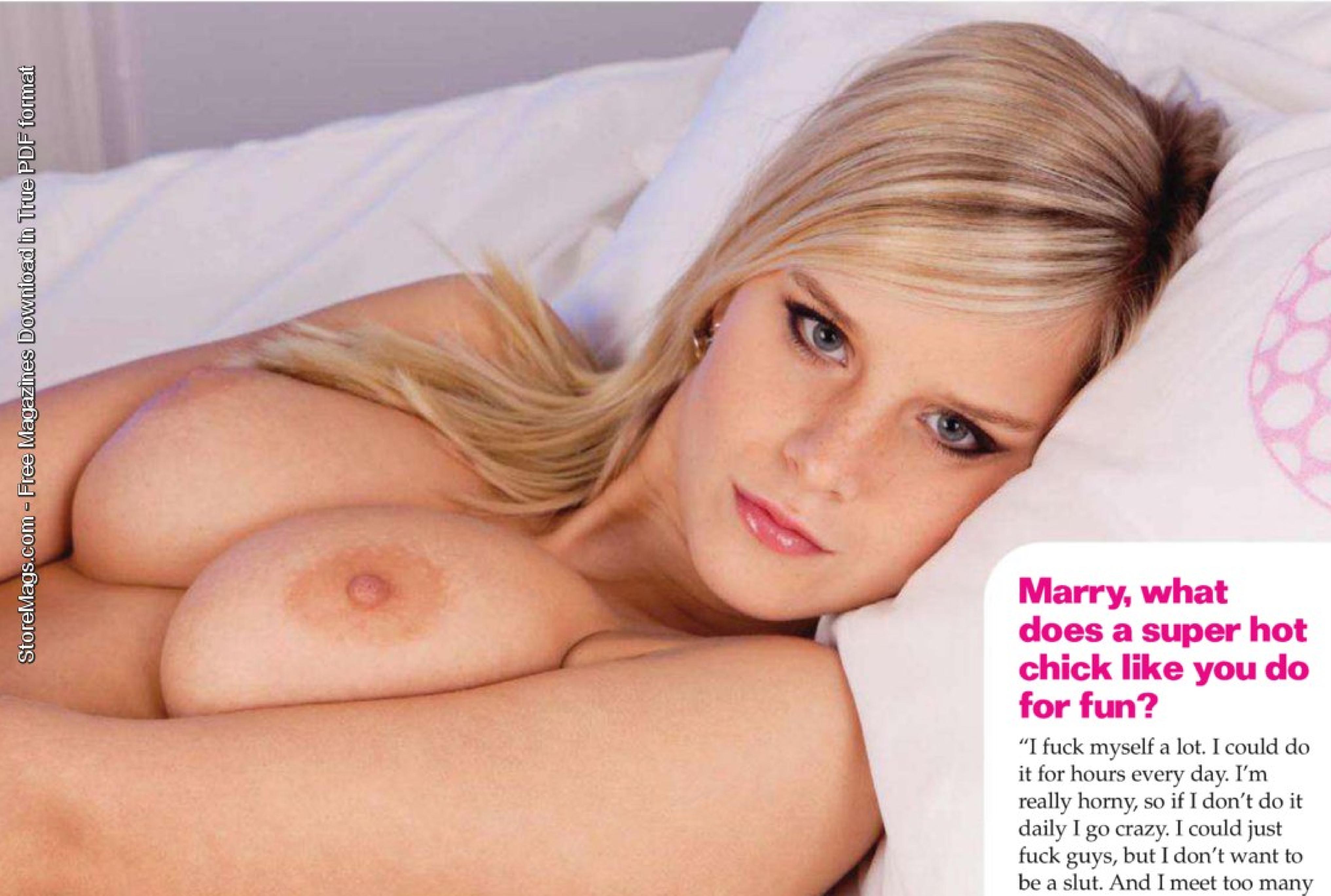












shady guys anyway.

Masturbating is fun and safe."









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This special two-disc set features 18 fresh, new faces and more than seven hours of pussy-pounding action. Watch all your favorite girls like Luccia, Raven, Ally, Jewel, Ella and others get picked up, laid and sprayed! XXX Rated 440 Mins. Item PIX487D



# FLAT & FUCKED 2

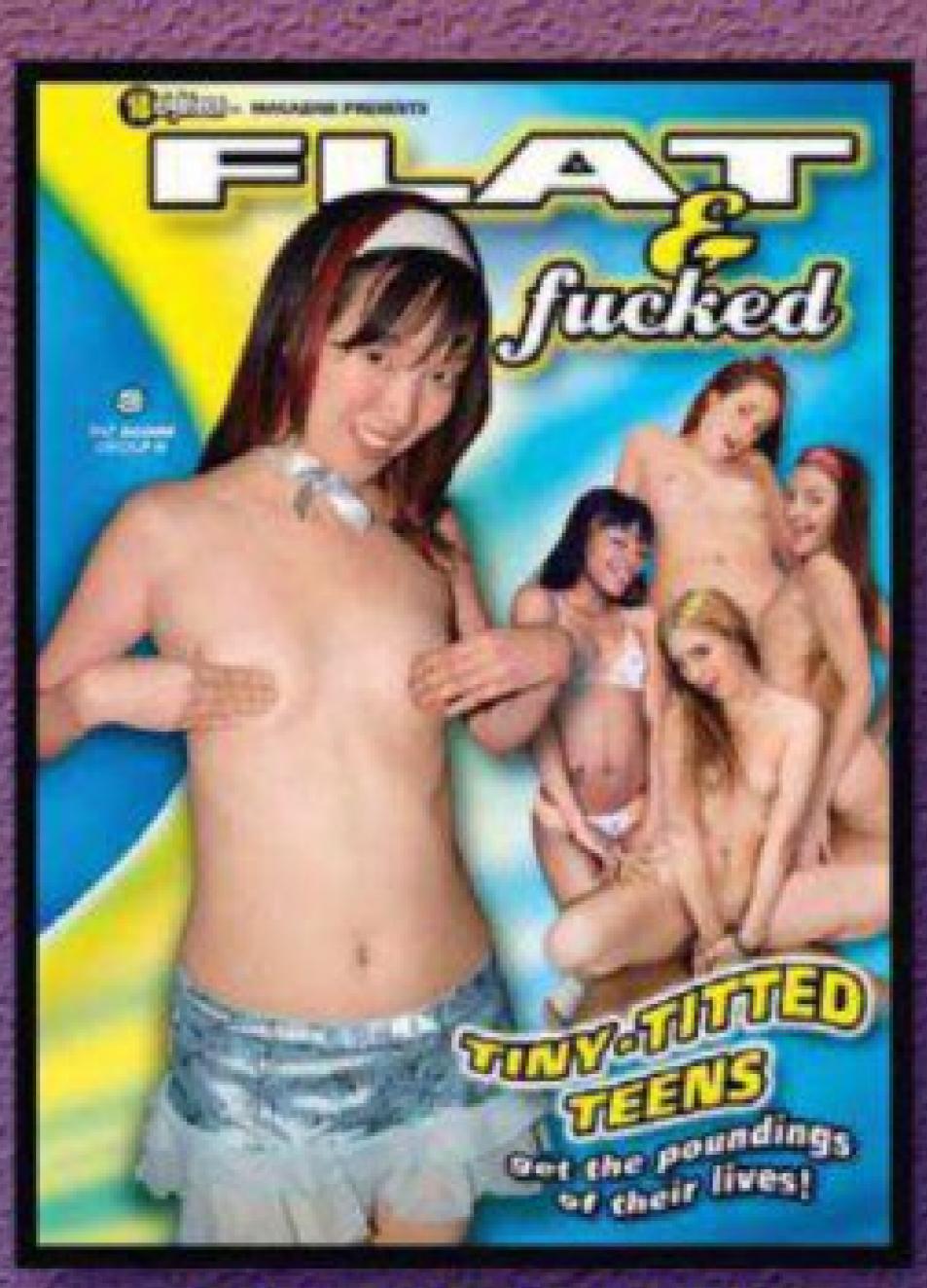
The six teens in this movie all belong to the itty-bitty titty committee. As members of this group, it's their duty to show off their barely-there boobies and suck and fuck to prove that flatties can do it as good as busty chicks!

XXX Rated 93 Mins. Item PIX432D



Just 'cause they're inexperienced doesn't mean that these young hotties don't want to get fucked. They just need someone to show them that their young bodies are capable of having super intense orgasms!

XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX468D



# 

Five teens with barely an A-cup between them learn that their flat chests cause huge boners in teeny-tit lovers! Lystra, Sarah Michelle, Lil Baby, Sarah Summers & Peyton Parker in XXX bitty-boob action!

XXX Rated 120 mins. Item PIX310D



# LIL' FUCKS

Six fresh-faced and petite teens get their vise-tight twats filled to the brim with cock. These inexperienced cuties are curious to find out what it's like to cum from sex, and their fuckbuddies are happy to show them! XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX492D



# BONUS EDITION

Minimum plots and maximum sex on this two disc DVD set. With 22 scenes, it's packed with the cutest neighbors who seduce guys when their cravings for cock are too strong to ignore. XXX Rated 223 Mins. Item PIX463D



# ELET EUCKEDA

Are you ready for more flat brats, hot sex and loads of cum? Then you have come to the right place! The Flat & Fucked series continues with naughty number four! Six teens with tiny titties get the rides of their young lives. XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX480D

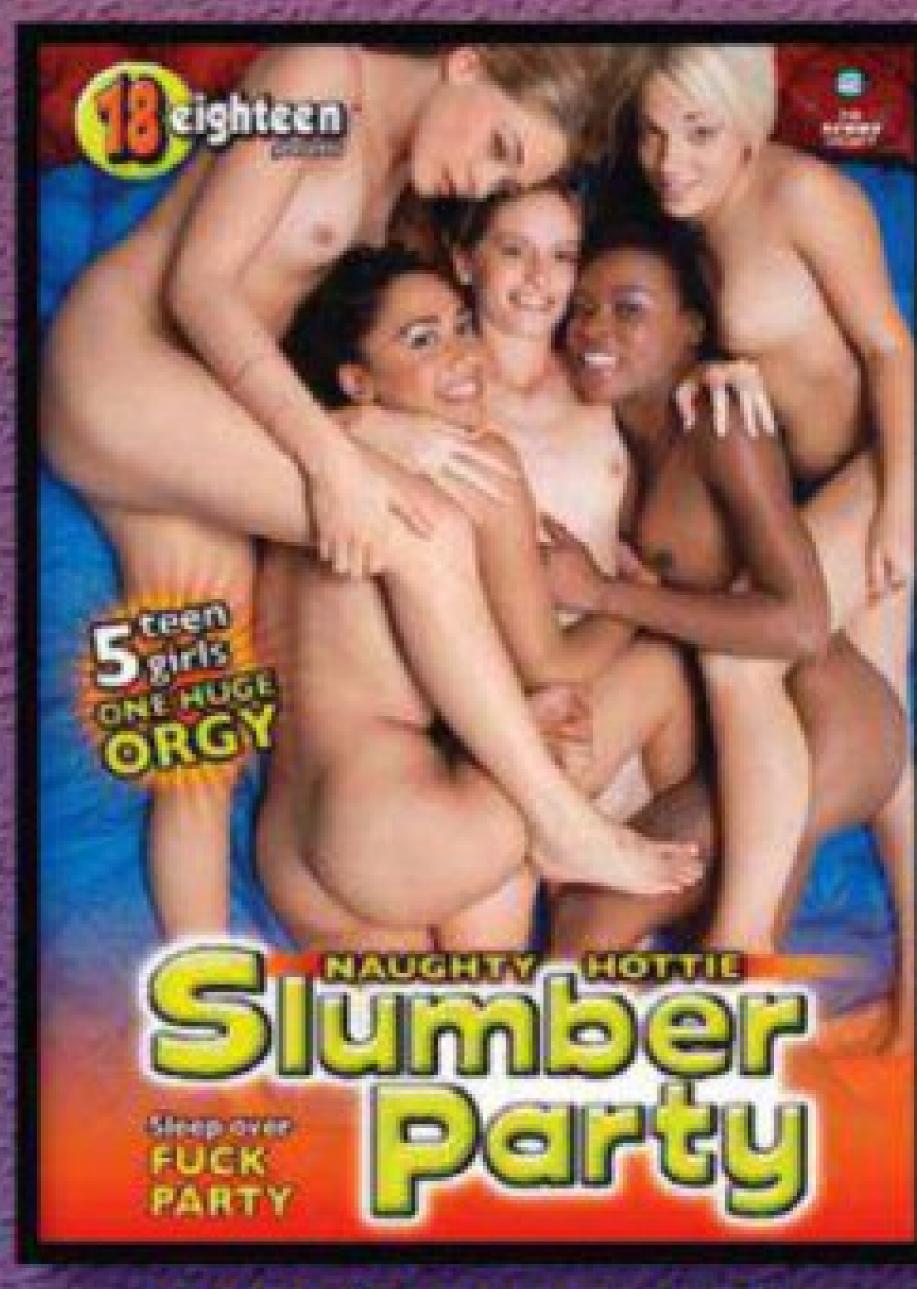


The flatter a girl's chest is, the hornier her pussy is. That's why the six adorable teens with barely-there tits in this flick want to get their inexperienced cunts filled with rock-hard cocks. They fuck as hard as they can! XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX448D



# NAUGHTY NEIGHBORS 1

10 horny babes are not porn pros. They're regular girls-next-door who aren't satisfied with just having their photos in Naughty Neighbors mag. They wanted to fuck a porn stud and have the encounter recorded on a DVD. XXX Rated 240 Mins. Item PIX470D



# 5111113 78 24 11 11

One bare teen snatch is great, but five wet slitties is something to celebrate! Watch as these slumber sluts fuck each other and sneak in boys for pussy pounding and wild group sex!

XXX Rated 108 Mins. Item PIX373D

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



# THA TRYOUTS 2

Six wannabe pop stars show up to casting call hoping to be the next big thing in music. Only problem is they can't sing at all! So the judges offer them a seat on the casting couch and coat their vocal chords with soothing cum.

XXX Rated 110 Mins. Item PIX416D



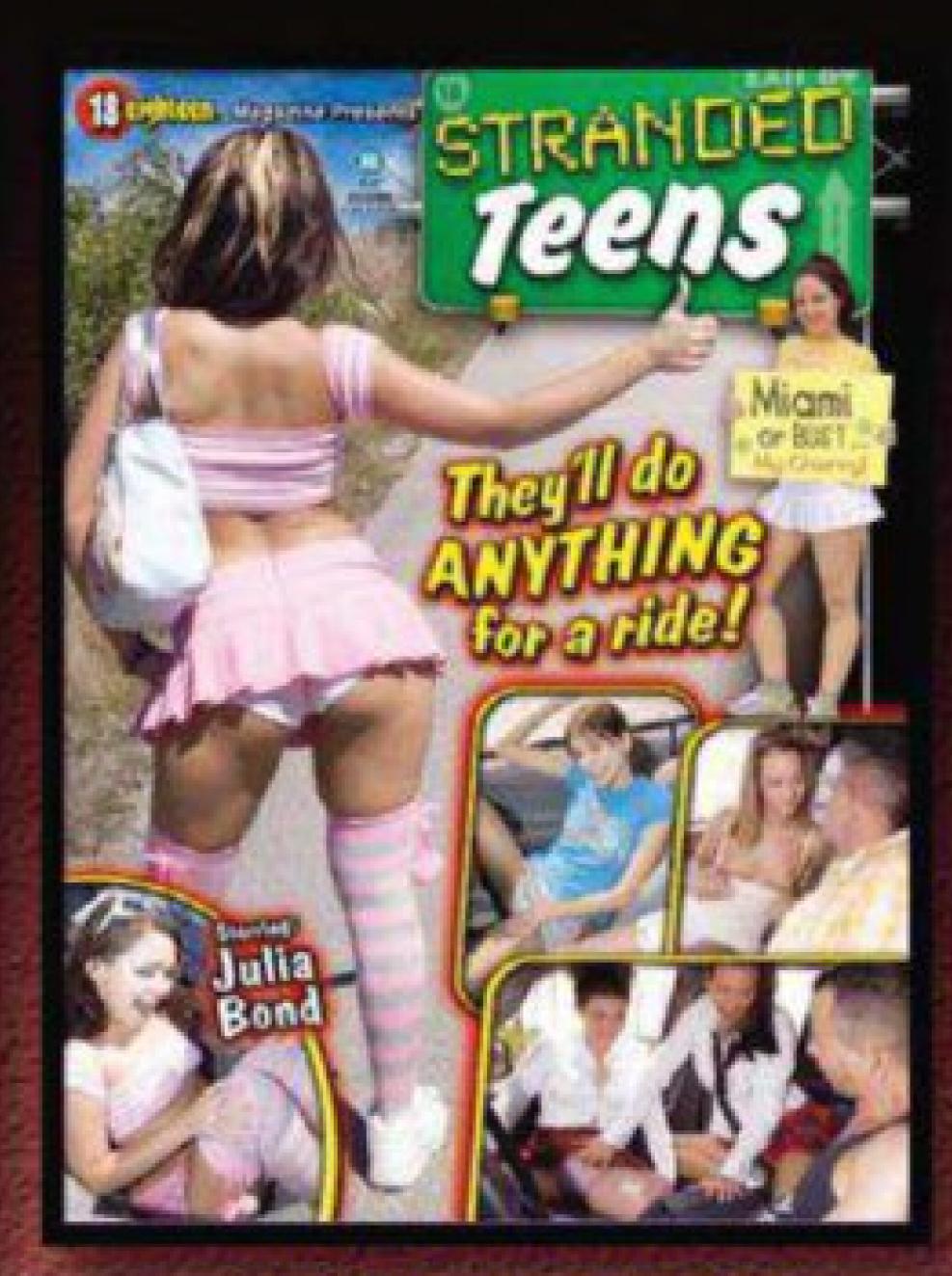
# CHERRY PICKED

These teen girls have cherries that are ripe for the pickin! We scoured the land for the hottest, freshest teens so we could bring you girls that are truly Cherry Picked! All girls are new to sex, except for anal-loving Paola! XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX462D



# BIKINI TEENIES

At the pool, the beach and in the hot tub, these newly legal hotties have sex and fun under the sun. Jenna gets jammed by the pool attendant. A swim instructor fucks Aimee's red, needy bush. Plus more slutty bikini teenies! XXX Rated 120 mins. Item PIX317D



# STRANDED TEENS

Ever wanted to pick up a frisky teen hitchhiker and get the fuck of your life on the side of the road? Then take home this movie! Starring Julia Bond in her first hardcore movie ever, plus five other pedestrian sluts putting out.

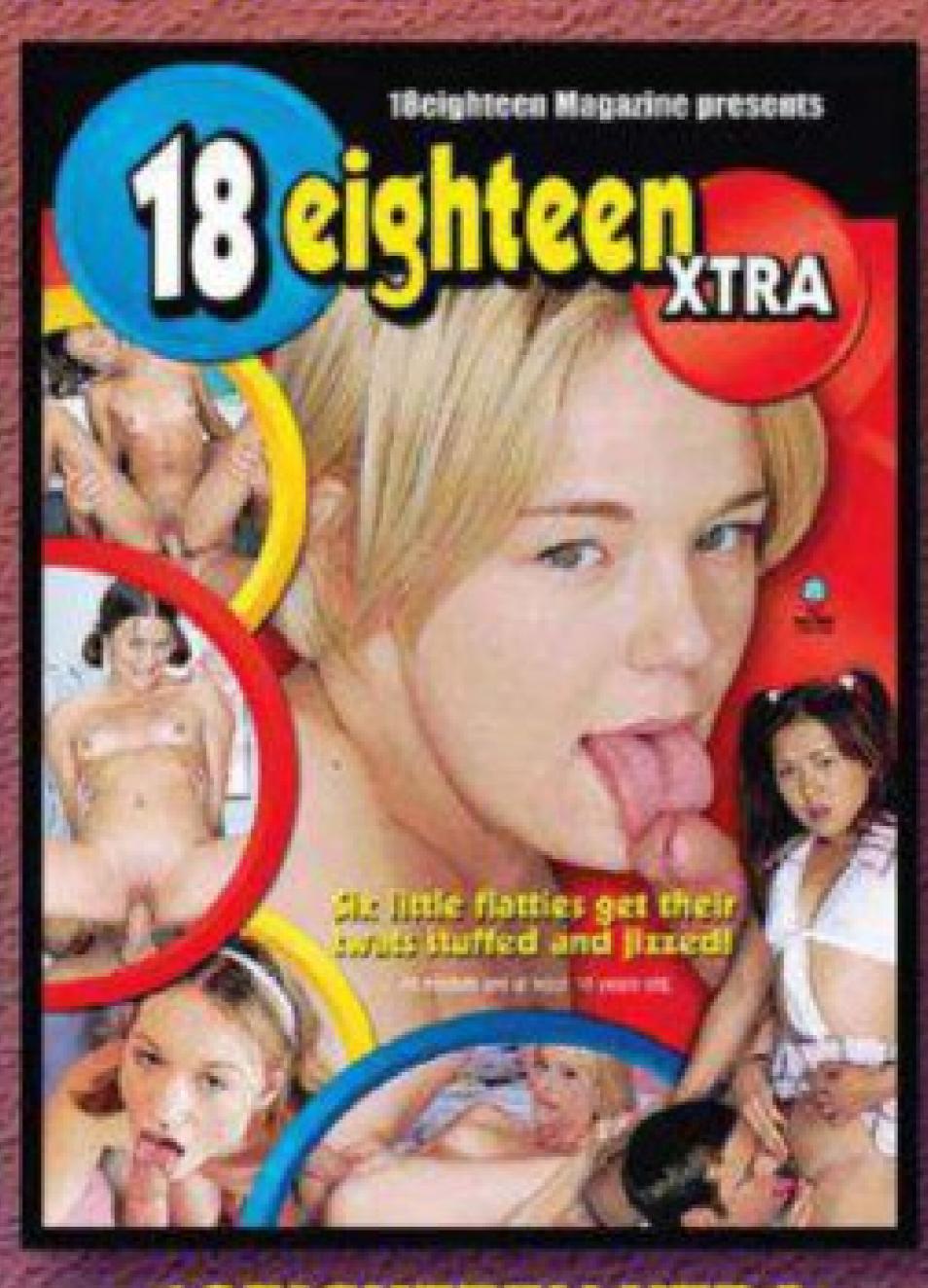
XXX Rated 127 Mins. Item PIX259D



A young Latina's caramel cunny is one of the tastiest you'll ever have the pleasure of putting your tongue in. And one of the hottest you'll ever put your cock in. Give these chicas a ride and they'll let you go South of the border! XXX Rated 100 Mins. Item PIX405D



These young divas thought they were auditioning for the big screen when they responded to a models-wanted ad. But the judges were more interested in their sex skills than modeling skills. Watch as they suck and fuck to porno stardom! XXX Rated 161 Mins. Item PIX388D



# 

Six barely legal cuties will blow you away with their sex skills. Watch as these sexy students take their boyfriends' and teachers' throbbing cocks into their juicy twats. They won't cum until you do, so get ready to jack! XXX Rated 150 Mins. Item PIX159D



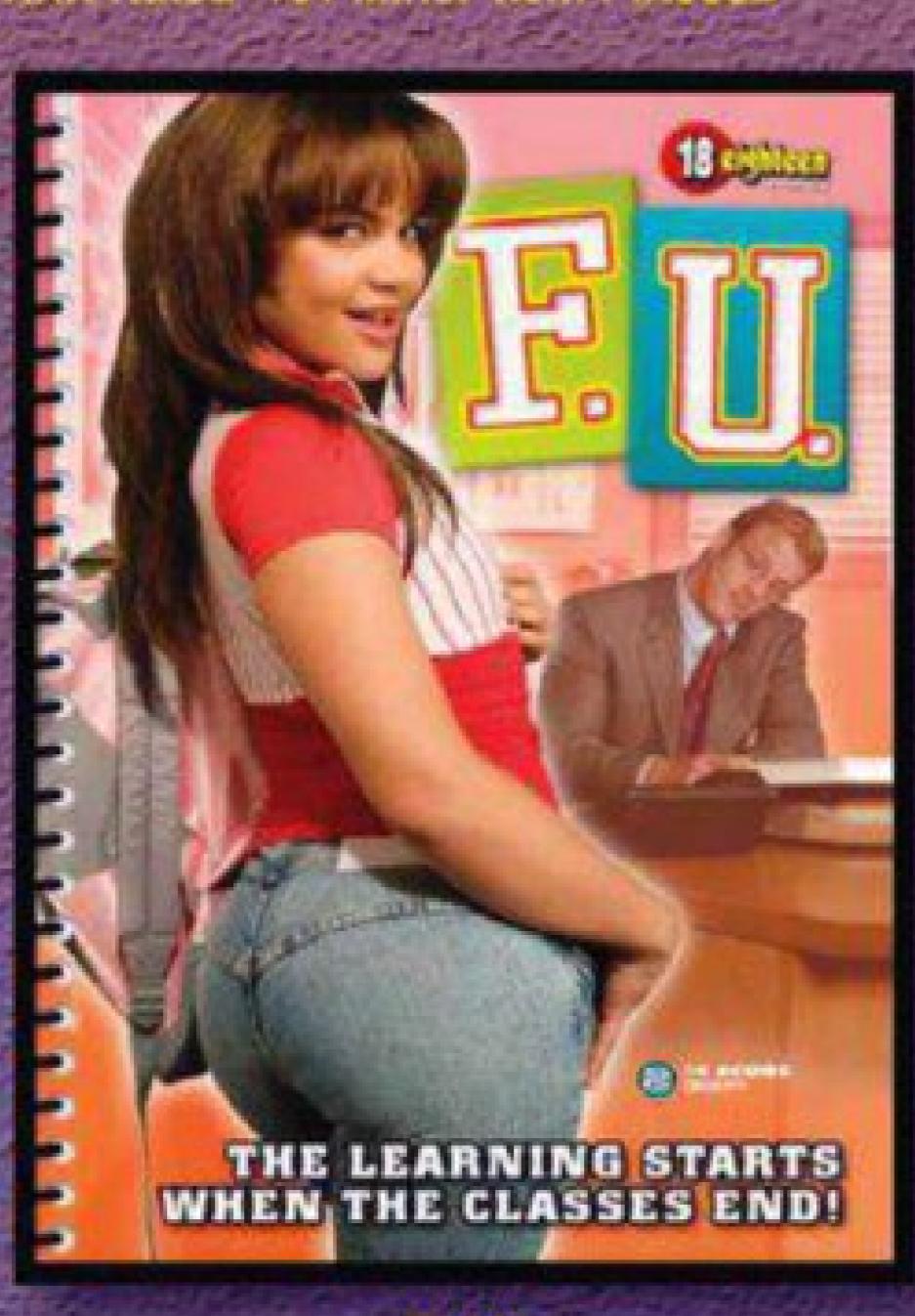
What's better than six young teens with smoking-hot bodies? Six young teens with smoking-hot bodies in creamy, white cotton panties. Welcome to Cotton Tail, where the girls are tight and the pussies are sopping wet! XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX363D



# TEATRYOUTS 3

Many young girls dream of being famous, but when these 15 sweet hopefuls show up for their auditions, they soon realize the talent the "director" is looking for is between their legs. They go for it anyway!

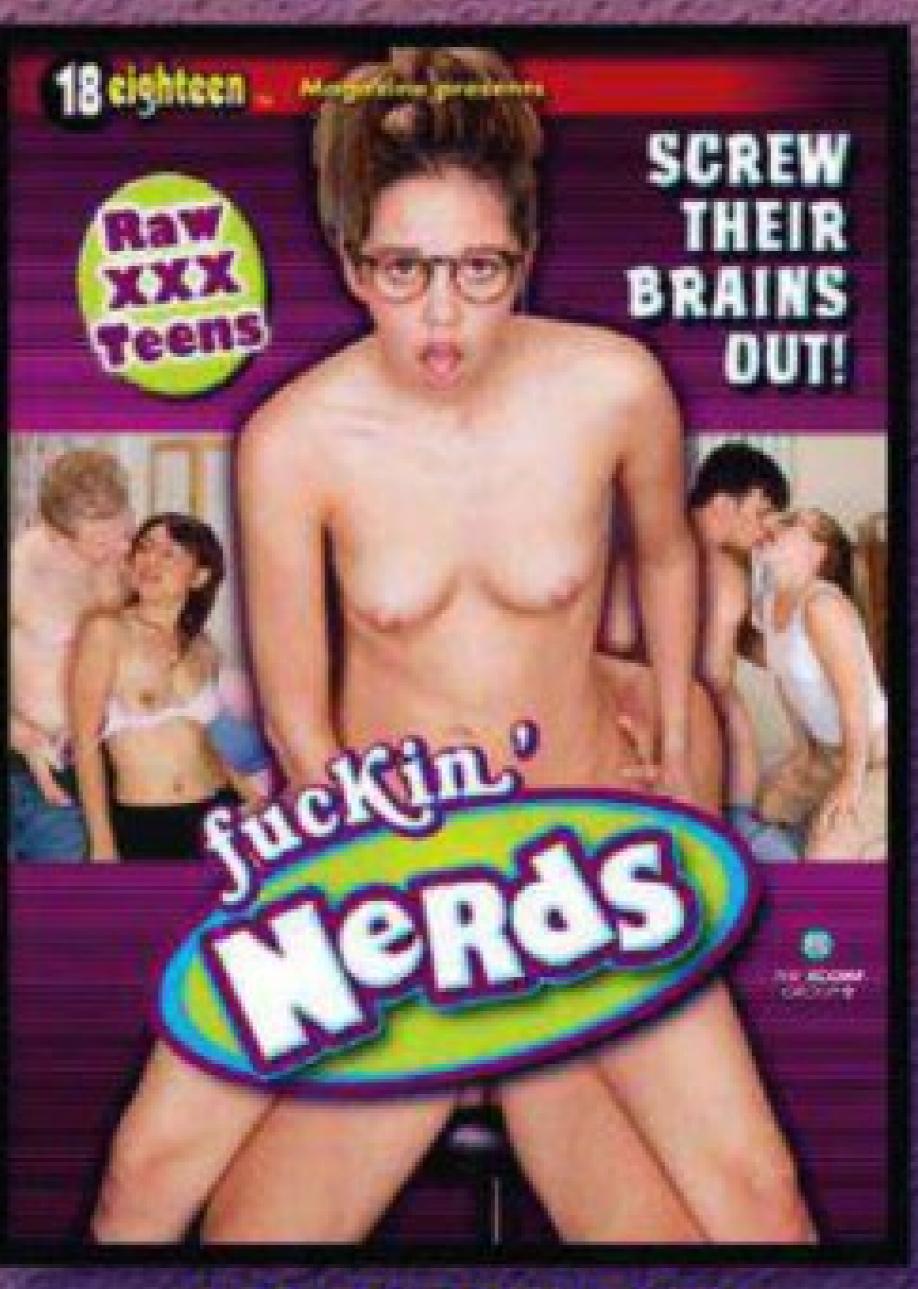
XXX Rated 120 Mins. Item PIX475D



The girls at F.U. aren't your ordinary bunch. They're hot, tight and they love to fuck. When it comes to deepthroating cocks and taking a hard pounding, they're all aces. No one is safe from their teen pussies.

XXX Rated 129 mins. Item PIX437D

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



# FUCKIN' NERDS

Inside every nerd is a huge cock! Five shy and innocent nerds have their untouched twats popped. Geeky chemist Jordan's sex formula gets her tight hole reamed. Tutor Krissy opens up for 69ing and sex. Plus way more!

XXX Rated 90 Mins. Item PIX284D

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ORDER ON PAGE 9

# TEENAGE ART SLUT

Continued from page 42

though. Chris looked like he wanted to be anywhere but here in his dorm room with a very forward naked girl. Tara wondered if maybe Chris didn't have any talent. Until she came around the easel.

"Oh...my..."

"I, well, I mean—" Chris stammered. But he had nothing to be embarrassed about. The drawing was fantastic. Tara's eyes roamed over the piece, taking in every detail. Chris had exaggerated nothing. Her boobs were what God gave her, and she sure hoped they looked that good. And, he'd made her pussy look sexy, but not in a gross way. Definitely art, not like something XXX-rated. The only place it appeared he'd taken any liberties was her expression. True, Tara had been wearing her fuck-me face. She knew exactly what that looked like from hours spent masturbating in front of her full-length mirror back home. With her fingers, with her sex toys. Once, with a very green banana.

On paper, though, it was different. She had never looked this hot, not in her wildest dreams. Even the soft pastels couldn't mute the fire-engine red lips, the born-to-suck-cock pout, the intensity of the hunger in her eyes. The naked teenager on the chaise was Tara. The girl in the picture was predator-Tara, and she was clearly on the hunt-for dick.

"Chris, this is, it's just—" she began. He cut her off.

"Sorry, I can change it," he was apologizing, already reaching for his pastels. "I didn't mean to make you look like that. I, I can fix it."

Tara, though, snagged his hand before he could touch the piece. The poor guy was so upset he was shaking. Tara shifted her eyes from the portrait to Chris. He wouldn't look at her. She understood why.

Chris' bulge was all but tearing the zipper out of his pants. He mumbled



something else about the picture, about how sorry he was, but by then, Tara had heard enough.

"You want to apologize?" she asked, tilting his face up with her hand so he was looking directly into her big, watery eyes.

"Yes, really, Tara, I'm-"

"Then take off your pants and let me suck your cock."

Chris went rigid as a statue. For a second, Tara thought she might've short-circuited something in his brain.

"Take off my...what?"

Tara couldn't wait for his brain to catch up to his prick. She pulled him off the stool and ripped open his jeans, thrusting her hand down into his jockeys and grabbing a fistful of fuckstick. Chris was roughly as hard as concrete. He yelped as his pants came down and Tara's lips wrapped around the head of his babymaker.

"I said," she mumbled through a mouthful of meat. "Apologize."

She grabbed his hands, placed them roughly on the back of her head. She dug her fingers into his thighs and pulled him six inches deep into her mouth. She didn't even gag.

"Ungh!" he responded, precum ozzing from his cock. He then thrusted more dick between her lips. "I'm...so-rr-ry..."

He was big, filling her mouth and then some. Tara gagged, but continued to suck it, working his ball sac with her fingers. She found her oozing slit with her free hand.

"What are you sorry for, Chris?"
Tara demanded, taking the well-hung
art student past her tonsils, her nose
pressed into his short hairs.

"F-for drawing you...that way," he gasped, hands firmly atop her head, rocking on his heels, fucking her face.

"What way?" she managed, before taking him down to the root.

"Y'know...slutty," he admitted, his face tight, ashamed.

"Oh, don't apologize for that," Tara said, taking his dick out of her mouth and jacking him furiously. "I like it. A lot. It's fucking hot."

"Then...what for?" Chris huffed, sweat breaking out on his chest.

"For making me wait for you to fuck me," Tara said, her voice pleading. Chris stared down at her. She ran her tongue over the head of his cock.

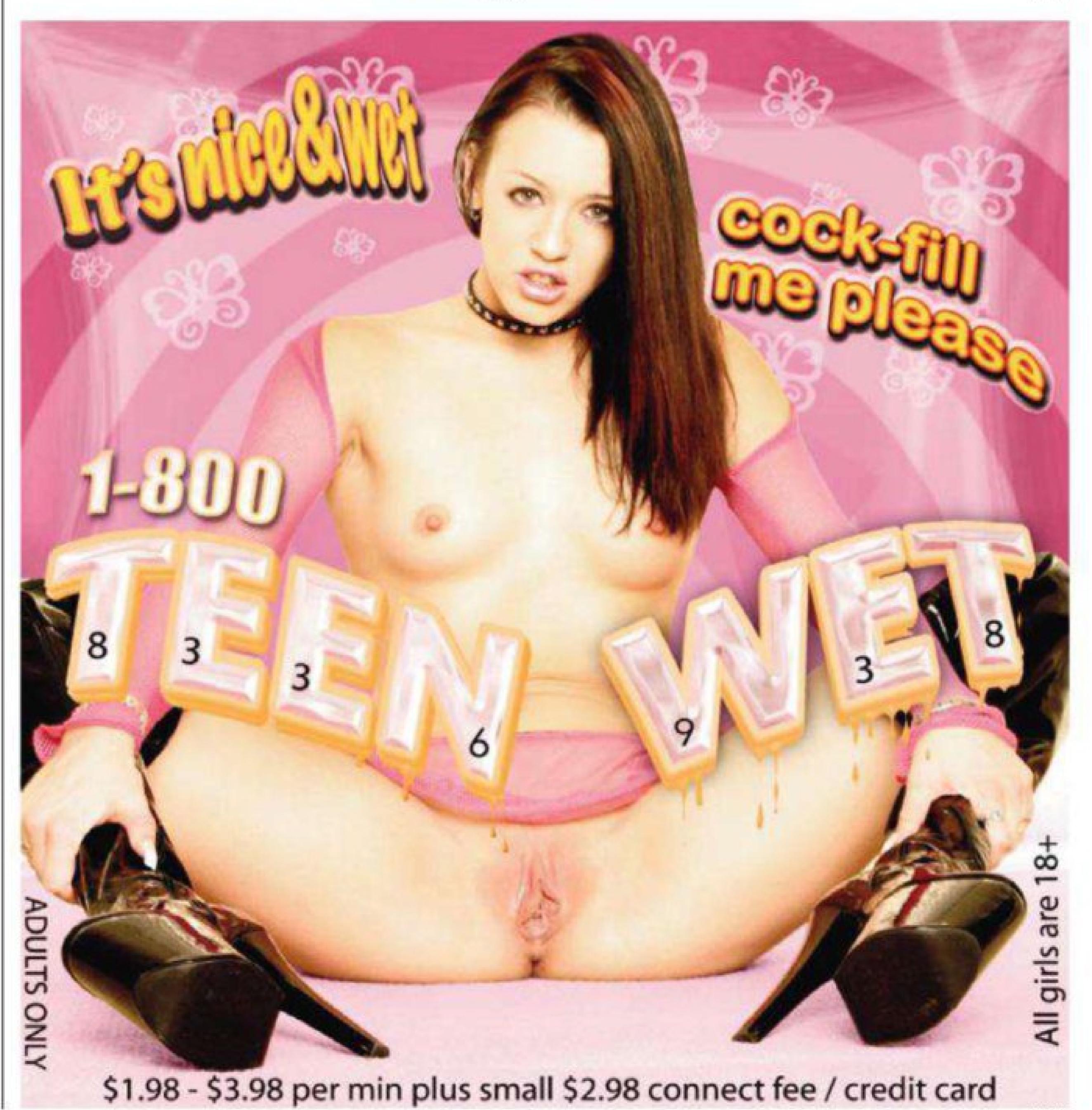
"I need it real bad," she confided, slow-stroking him now, feeling his









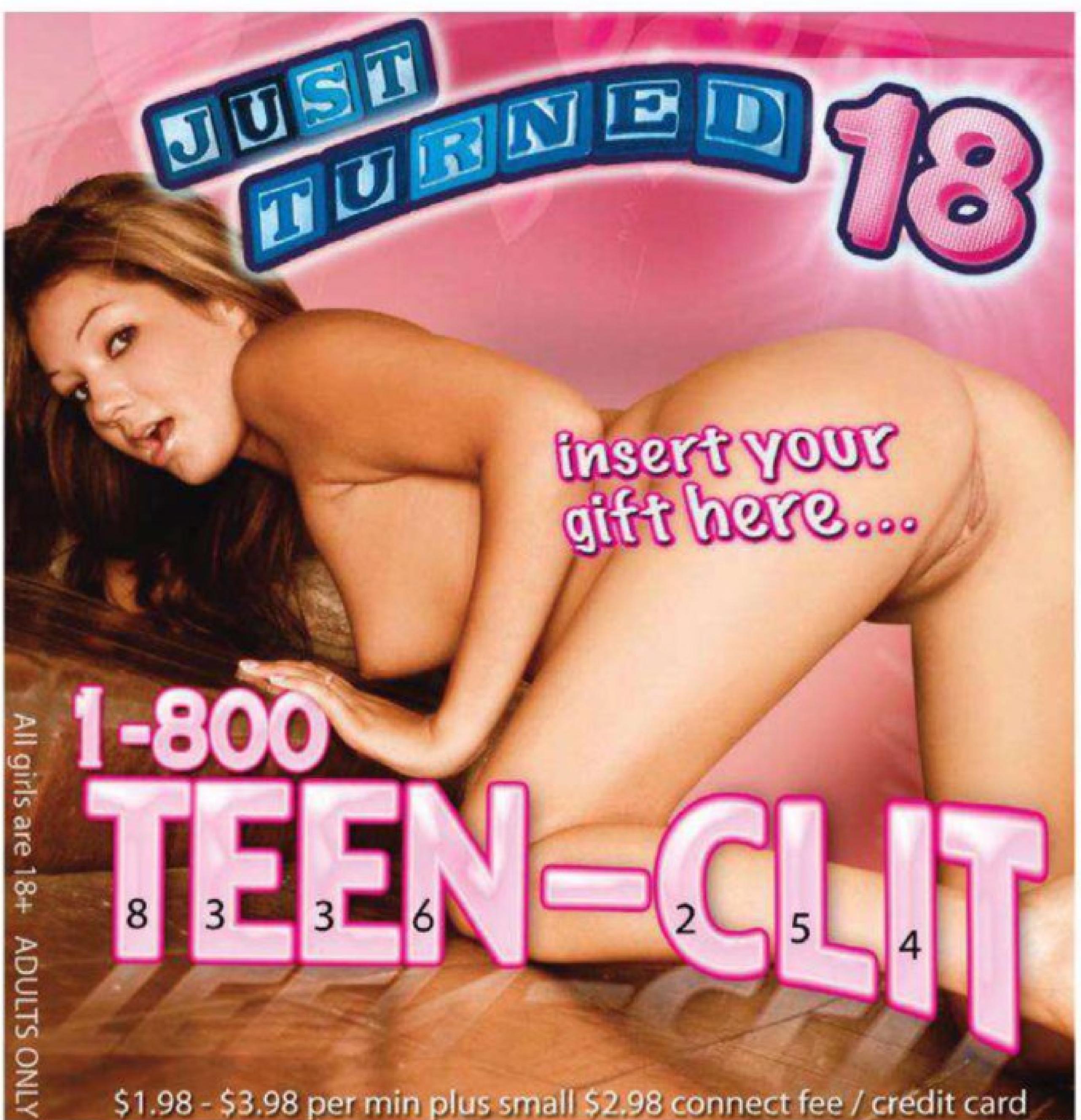


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throbbing hardness pulsing in her palm. "Please...don't make me wait any longer. Put it in me, Chris. I want you in my pussy."

He hauled her to her feet, his beefy pole slapping against her tits. He set her down in the chaise, spreading her legs. Tara flashed back on how she'd intended to finish up the night. Legs wide, pussy dripping, her vibe buried up her cunt. Boy, did that seem like a lame runner-up!

Chris grabbed his shaft, rubbing his cockhead against the hood of her clit. It made her moan. He mounted her, pinning his dick between them. He tongued her tits, coaxing her nips to thimble-like hardness. Then, he began to suck them.

"Oh!" Tara wailed, panting. "Now, Chris, do it now! Fuck me! Fuck my pussy, baby, fuck it good"

Without taking his mouth off her boob, he adjusted his cock, and she felt the delicious pressure as his prick parted her velvet curtains.

Tara's freshly-fucked cunt flooded with girl-cum. Chris had barely entered her, and already she was slamming her hips up to meet his, her climax rocking the lounger and threatening to buck him off.

Chris gripped the head of the chaise, and the full length of him pounded into her, making her shriek.

"Oh, God!" she howled, as Chris pulled out and then drove his length back into her. "Oh...fucking...God!"

"You look so damn sexy," Chris grunted, drilling her twat. "I want to fuck you all night long."

Tara wasn't sure she could make it through the next five minutes, much less the night, but as another climax exploded deep inside her, she pressed her face into Chris' chest and begged for him to keep going, not to stop, to screw her until she couldn't take it any more. When she looked into his eyes, she saw a curious smile playing across his face.

"W-what are you smiling at?" she asked, her thighs on fire, her slit packed full of man-meat, cunt oil



dripping off Chris' balls.

"Feels good," he said. "You know, when you...cum."

If he only knew! she thought. She shut her eyes. Any second now, it was going to feel really good for both of them...again.

"Chris...oh, just like that. Don't stop. Yeah, that's the spot! You're gonna do it to me again!"

She'd never been particularly loud during sex, but when Chris took her over the edge once more, she pressed her mouth against his molten skin, screaming and howling with ecstasy. Her head was spinning. It was getting harder to think. She wondered, was this what it meant to have one's brains fucked out?

Tara wasn't certain that she could survive another orgasm. She was ready to ask Chris to back off so she could cool down. She'd finish him off in her mouth. She would go down on him and drain his balls, letting him watch her swallow his jizz.

Chris, however, didn't give her the chance. Tara could see it when she looked up at him, see the strain on his face as he tried to hold off just a few

strokes longer. Their eyes met, and she smiled at him, nodding.

"Tara," he said, his voice cracking.
"I'm gonna blow my load all over
you. Ready for it?"

He pulled out, grabbing his cock and aiming it at her like a pistol.

Bang! His first shot erupted out of his dick, plastering her with a spray of cum just below her left boob. Bang! Another bullet of hot spunk blasted her in the tummy. Bang! Bang! A rapid fire burst strafed her chest and caught her just under the chin. Shakily, Chris lost hold of the lounger, and leaned against her, jacking out the rest of his salty load.

When he finally finished, Tara was coated in spooge. She could feel it filling her belly button, running between her titties, down into the hollow of her throat below her chin. A little further, she mused, and she would've been able to taste him.

She pulled him close, and they stayed that way for a long time. When they'd cooled down, Chris pulled himself off her, and went to grab them each a towel. When he returned, he found her staring at her picture.

"I'll make you a deal," Tara offered, wiping Chris' jizz from her breasts.

"Okay, shoot."

"How about I give you back your \$75, and you promise to fuck me again and draw me another picture."

"But then...I'll have to give you another \$75 for the next portrait assignment I have to do."

Tara thought about it.

"I'll just have to give you your \$75 back so you can draw me a picture and cum in my mouth."

Now, it was Chris' turn to think about her proposition. He hesitated for about a nanosecond.

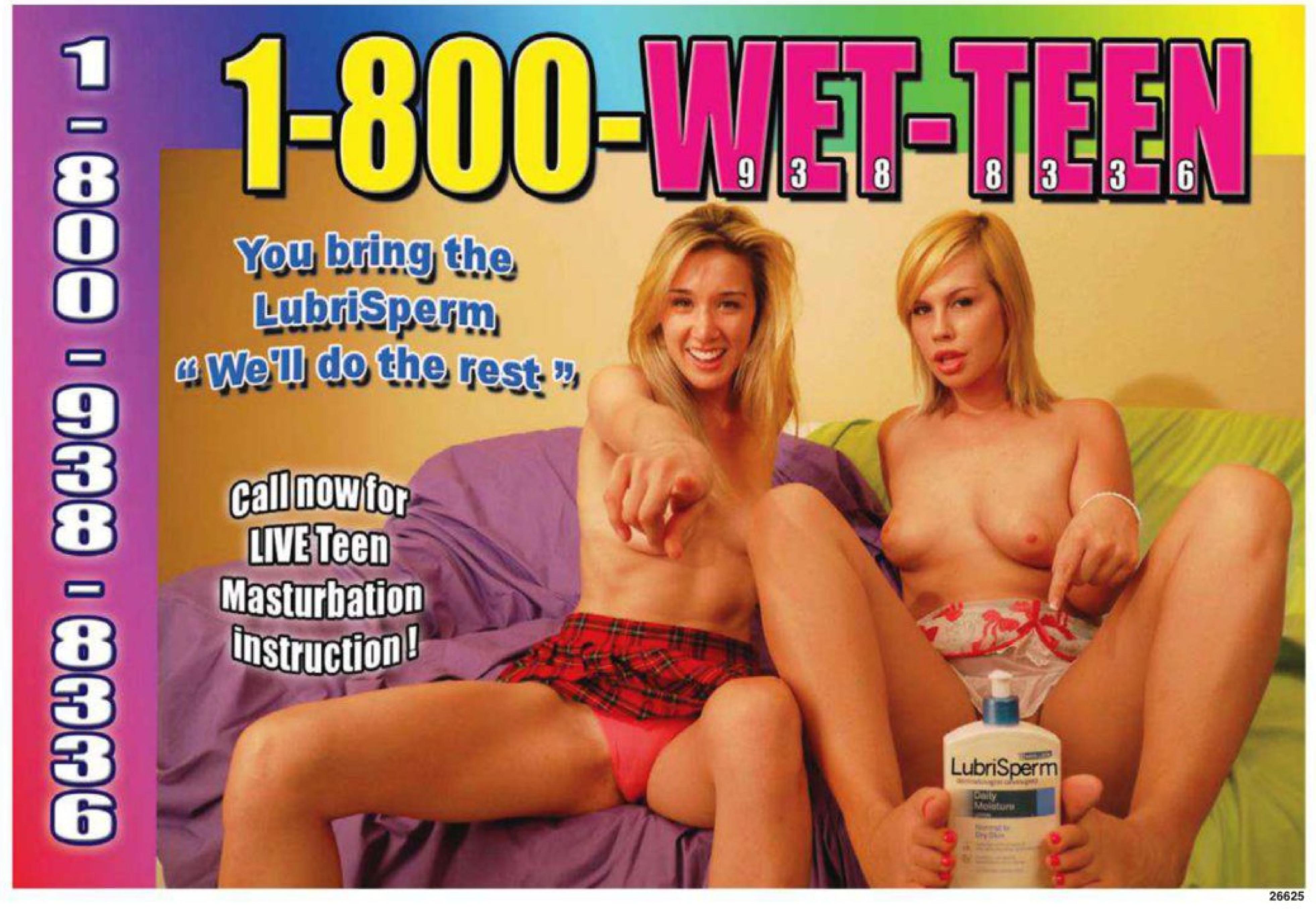
"Deal," he proclaimed, dropping the towel and hoisting Tara up over his shoulder.

"What are you doing?" she laughed, holding onto him.

"Shower time," he announced, taking her into the bathroom.

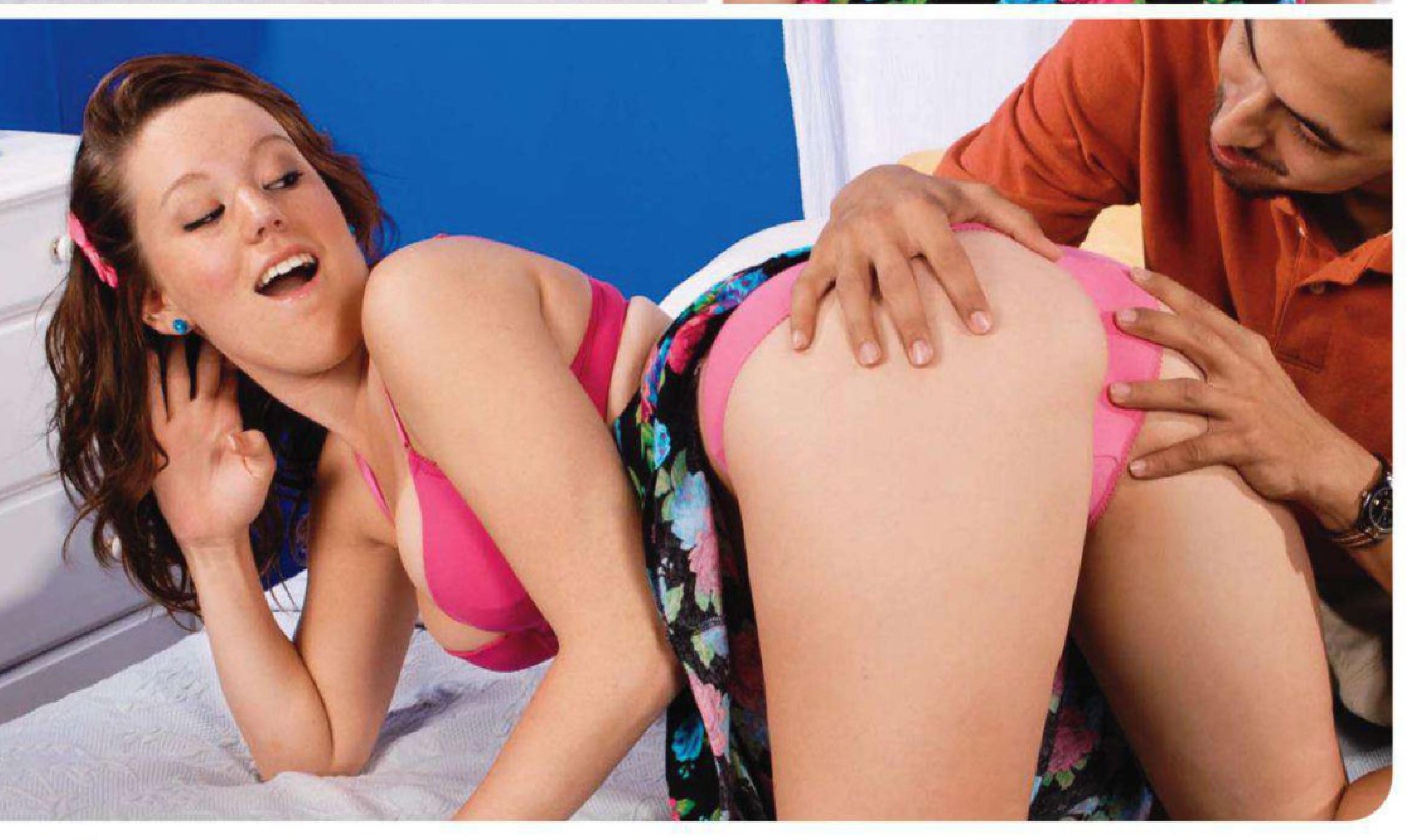
She pulled him close, and they ayed that way for a long time. When lev'd cooled down, Chris pulled Tara felt certain of at least one thing.

By the end of the semester, there'd be some bills in Chris' wallet with the ink worn off.

























# What did you like about the way he fucked you?

"I like that his cock was big enough and hard enough to fill me all the way up. I like it when it goes really deep. Then when I was on top riding him he was grabbing and squeezing my ass and kind of like, guiding my hips. I'm into that. It feels good when guys squeeze and slap my ass. Then when I came, he held out. Sometimes when I cum it makes the guy cum, too. But I like that he had staying power."





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